

THE

HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE,

ADVOCATES

A Higher Type of Manhood—Physically, Intellectually, and Morally.

JANUARY, 1870.

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NEW YORK :

WOOD & HOLBROOK, PUBLISHERS, 13 & 15 LAIGHT ST.

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39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH

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Vol. 15, No. 1.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1870.

[NEW SERIES.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOOD & HOLBROOK, 13 & 15 LAIGHT STREET.

THE TWO WIVES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROFESSOR was a man such as women, weak in the moral sense, despise and impose upon. Sensitive, gentle, and unworldly, a superior woman would feel a maternal tenderness for him, a desire to shelter and protect, coupled with a religious reverence. Cora, his young wife, was not superior in the accepted sense, but she fascinated and enthralled by a thousand subtle charms, not the least of which were her petulance, willfulness, and limitation. Had she been false, she had been deadly; but, transparent as the light, she evoked tenderness, and enchanted, as a bright child enchants.

The Professor thus writes at the opening of our story.

It is Cora who first speaks:

"The class bell is done ringing, Mr. Lyford."

I could not immediately collect my thoughts, but there was a look upon the face of Cora that troubled me.

"Mr. Lyford, darling. Why not, George?"

"Married people are too free and easy to-

gether; but the class is waiting and you ought to go, Mr. Lyford."

"How long did I sleep, dear?"

"Did you sleep?"

"Most certainly. I can not recall the particulars of my dream, but I think it was a strange one."

Cora's lip trembled; she turned her pretty face aside, and then suddenly laid a cold hand in mine, looked eagerly into my face and burst into tears. At this moment a messenger from the college hastened my departure. I kissed her forehead, and went out.

As I threaded my way along the well-worn path, the cool aromas of the fragrant pines and the soothing melody of their whispering branches restored me to myself, and I looked at my watch, which I had all the time held in my hand.

Could it be possible! I had slept less than *one minute*! I recalled to mind, now that the class bell was ringing, when that strange heaviness overcame me, and I had taken out my watch from my vest pocket to ascertain the exact time. All at once the minutest particulars

of my vision returned to me—the fine old hunter, Rodman, who so manfully rebuked my imbecilities and vanities; the vast Teocalla; the dirge; all—all came vividly back to my mind, and I felt a thrill of guilty delight as I recalled the passionate beauty of Zalinka. My cheek tingled, my foot moved with unwonted elasticity, and I was like one into whose veins a revivifying flame had been poured, renewing the dew of youth with the vigor of manhood. I felt the rosy flush upon my cheek, and the very air I breathed came laden with goblets upon goblets of ambrosia, mingled with nectar, which I imbibed as if I sat in the midst of the gods.

Entering the long, dusky vestibule, and emerging into the hushed lecture-room, I grew more sobered, and better cognizant of the real, everyday world. I dropped the sun-bright coronal of Apollo, and was once more the grave, pale Professor, with a circle of baldness upon the crown of the head, and a voice not “musical as is Apollo’s lute,” but a little husky, and needful to be cleared now and then with an emphatic hem! I think my class must have caught sight of a stray beam from my vanishing glory, for more than one student exchanged glances with another, and gazed intently upon my face.

My subject lay upon the metaphysical side of our religious ideas, and in drawing the line of demarkation between those faculties essential to this world and those which are prophetic of another—those which are of the earth earthy, and those which symbolize the heavenly. I plunged with a force and certainty wonderful to myself into the region of dreams and visions, showing that here were phenomena pointing unmistakably to a state of existence beyond this world, and giving intimations of powers as yet only in their rudimentary state. I showed that the phenomena of dreams were of themselves distinct and apparently unessential to man as we now find him, and therefore they must have a significance beyond his present stage of existence.

I showed, and my enthusiasm kindled as I went on, for I am by no means an eloquent man, but a somewhat prosaic Professor, considered, withal, sound, and of a reliable quality of mind; but now I was quite beyond myself in showing that in dreams only do we realize omniscience and ubiquity, that something for which we have no adequate word, by which all things past, present, and to come are cotemporary to the mind; in dreams we are irrespective of time, and the soul steps into its eternal inheritance and super-mundane experience. In dreams we behold the worship of the Brahman, the Egyp-

tian, and the Aztec as one and the same, existing as a part of human science as palpably now as thousands of years ago; and we move in the midst of this vast, stupendous worship, great, beautiful, and prophetic; proof of the hope of the growing man; proof of the eternal significance of the growing mind, with a reverence and awe such as these ancient worshipers felt as they swelled the processions, threading the vistas of the Sphinx, or the dim caverns of the Pyramid and the truncated Teocalla.

Every thought was a palpable existence in my own mind, every word symbolized a hidden meaning so profound and so vivid that the atmosphere around me became ringed with auroreal tints, prefiguring unseen, eternal, and beautiful realities. I went on:

“We wake from a dream in which we have experienced the hopes, the fears, the passions, the anguish of a life; we move amid scenes and are surrounded by persons with neither of which have we had any prior acquaintance; the smile of beauty thrills the chambers of the soul; the ear vibrates with tenderness at words new to the sense; the eye reads an unknown tongue with the freedom of its vernacular; and here are persons and events stirring the living, breathing man to the center of his being, and covering a vast area in time and space, and yet the finger upon the dial has advanced but a second of time, and the heart has hardly repeated its round of pulsations. Fearfully, wonderfully are we made; we carry within us the omniscience of a God, and we know it not; we thrill to the facts which exist only because we are immortal, and yet we grope about for the proofs; we are responding to realities that are a part of the eternal hereafter, and yet, like reptiles that crawl, we refuse to read the heavens; like beasts that perish, we ignore the internal consciousness that we are immortal and eternal.”

As I ceased, for I stopped, I never knew how or why, my class responded with a deep-drawn sigh, and arose, silent and reverently, with a sweet, solemn thoughtfulness, and went out.

Never had I so exulted in the consciousness of existence; never had I so felt the affluence, the effulgence of our humanity. I could have sung aloud with delight, and embraced even my enemy with tenderness and love. I beheld a blossom by the way-side, and I stopped and gazed upon it with an admiration so new and unwonted that it thrilled me to the soul. All that I beheld responded to some great or lovely archetype.

As I entered my own door, I felt such a renewal of my first passionate love for Cora that

I hastened in to clasp her in my arms, and call her by every endearing epithet. I opened the library door—no Cora there! I hastened to our chamber; it had a cold, sepulchral look that chilled me to the heart.

"Cora, dear Cora," I cried.

There was no response. At length the door from the hall opened, and Hannah, the small servant, stood before me.

"Where is Mrs. Lyford?" I asked, for no American would say "your Mistress" to a servant.

"She told me to tell you she had gone home," was the reply, and she opened her round, bright eyes, and twirled the corner of her apron, as if some doubt rested upon her mind.

I bade her shut the doors, and take good care of the house till our return.

Oh, how the face of things had become changed! I could not understand what the absence of Cora meant, but I felt it had an ill portent. I felt as if the gorgeous world which had been opened before me were all an unreal phantasy, fading into night and darkness. The strange inner light which had so illumined my being was suddenly quenched. Doubt, distress, limitation usurped the springs of being, and I no more drank the nectar of the gods, but fell back to my old self, the honest, prosaic Professor. I felt my head decline, and thought of my little spot of baldness!

"All this," I said mentally, "because a woman frowns. Cora is very pretty, but her caprices are troublesome."

By this time I had reached Mrs. Pyncham's door, and raised the little iron knocker, which I let fall with a slam. The house was small but neat, and the low rooms contrasted with the many elegancies and comforts with which I had surrounded Cora. I thought of this with a grim, bitter, mean spirit, unlike my real self.

The Widow Pyncham soon made her appearance, sniffing and holding up her two hands, eased in a pair of black gloves, the fingers of which had been cut off.

"Did I ever think things would come to this pass?" she exclaimed.

"Where is Cora?"

"You've broke her heart, you have. Oh! you false, double-faced hypocrite!"

Without heeding her by no means flattering estimate of me, I opened the door of an inner room, and there was poor little Cora, curled up in a big armed chair, and crying as if her heart would break. I was angry and distressed, but the sight of her tears quite subdued me. I

lifted her slight form in my arms, and sat down with her upon my knee.

"What is the matter, my dear child; tell me what has happened."

"Now is your time, Cora, to show that you will not be put upon; nor put up with his fine notions."

"Shut up, Mother, will you?" cried Cora. But she relapsed into such a fit of crying and sobbing that I grew alarmed.

"Let me take you home, darling, and talk it all over there. Come, do not cry any more, my precious child."

At this she cried a great deal more, and pushed me away with such violence that one of the rings upon her fingers snapped asunder.

"A bad sign, Cora. The very worst sign in the world! The wedding ring, too!" And Mrs. Pyncham held up a piece in each hand, between her thumb and fingers, the points of all the rest stretched out in a sort of horror—mere brown tips from the black gloves.

"Oh dear, dear! it is all so dreadful! Somebody will write a story about me—'The Forsaken Wife,' or 'The False Husband,' or 'The Broken Ring,' or something just as dreadful; and people will come to look at me as the original, just as if I were a two-headed calf, or some monster! Oh dear, dear!" ejaculated Cora.

I laughed in spite of myself at this ridiculous speech. I kissed her, despite of her struggles to prevent me, and burst again into uncontrollable laughter; for a man is always amused more than made angry at an absurd speech from a pretty woman.

"Oh, you monster of monsters!" ejaculated the widow, lifting up both hands, with every finger distended to the utmost. "You monster, to laugh when your wife is dying broken-hearted!"

Cora lifted herself up; first shaking out her dress, and pushing back her curls; then she put a hand upon each side of my face and held me fast, and bringing her eyes quite close to mine, she flung out three words with a force and emphasis that quite confounded me.

"Zalinka, beautiful Zalinka! there, now!"

"It was a dream, Cora; a strange dream!"

"People dream of what is running in their heads."

"You foolish child! can we help our dreams?"

"How would you like me to wake out of a sound sleep and cry 'Frederick! adorable Frederick!'"

Cora said this with an air that was quite enchanting; clasping her two hands and rolling up her eyes much in the tragedy style.

"Dream as much as you like, darling, but have no waking dreams."

"Who is to know that a man has only sleeping dreams, when you were all so sly?" interposed Mrs. Pyncham.

"Oh! do shut up, Mother; I can fight my own battles; where is my hat? George, now tell me true, honest, honor bright, who is Zalinka?"

"A creature of my dream, Cora, nothing more."

"Nothing more! What more do you want? I say, George, I will not go home," and she tossed the hat into the chair and burst into tears again.

"Don't be a little footy, Cora, or I shall want to go to sleep and dream again."

"No you won't; I'll keep an eye upon you! Yes, indeed, I'll go home, and know when next you dream."

Cora said this a little sharply, and yet she yielded to her natural sweetness so far as to smile somewhat, as she put on her hat, and picked out the bows with much care and gave the whole affair a pull and a toss, shook out her dress and pulled on her gloves, and then glanced at the looking-glass, to see if all was right.

"Upon my word! my poor bit of a nose is quite red from crying; what shall I do, George?"

"Drop your veil, child, and avoid tantrums in all time to come."

"Oh, you old-fashioned, tiresome old fellow! By-by, Mother; come round and get the rose-bush I promised you, and bring round that recipe to make jelly; it's perfectly delicious, George, and I'll make some for you," and Cora kissed her mother's dry cheek, put her arm within mine, and we went home together.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE PROFESSOR RELATES HIS DREAM—GOOD REASONS FOR MORAL PERPLEXITY.

I SHALL record my singular experience in dream-land, not knowing what may come of it, for truly my daily life is modified thereby; I being conscious of an unwonted fullness of being, and an occasion of joyfulness that I had supposed lost to me, with the loss of the early flush of youth. Indeed, I am not sure it was a dream, but rather an awakening of memory; a consciousness of a forgotten life! As this record is revived in my mind so clearly, so vividly, I find my educated and traditional conscientiousness pricked through and through by feelings akin to remorse, when I look on the sweet face of Cora.

But here is my dream, and the question asked by me of my friend and *compagnon de voyage*, Rodman:

"Do you believe in snakes? I mean, do you believe that they have a power so to transform themselves to the eye and mind of the observer that, from being revolting reptiles, they seem 'Angels of Light,' resplendently beautiful, and creatures to be caressed, admired—even worshipped?"

"In course, I believe the varmints can bamboozle a man into liking them, but I don't know as I comprehend all them gay and festive words of yours."

"I was thinking, Rodman, of what happened to me not far from where we now are, something like forty years ago. I was a younger man then," and I knocked the ashes from my pipe with a sigh.

"Never make a period with a sigh, man. You are young enough now, and handsome enough, as to that."

"Well, well; I never thought to come back here again. Strange things happen in the world. Least of all, Rodman, did I ever expect to see you again, old boy."

"Worse things might come to you than that; we've had many a pooty hunt together, and I shouldn't mind, George, having you roll me in my last blanket. But you had a story to tell; out with it, for when a man's seen two generations 't isn't cheery to look behind him. The old trail is always a melancholy one."

Rodman replenished the camp fire, and I my pipe, and seeing the stars clear and the woods silent, for there was no wind, nothing but the sound of the distant falls, I threw myself upon the ground, fragrant with pine boughs, and we talked till the stars began to pale in the east.

THE STORY.

"We were encamped, as now, upon the Gila, a party of young men, all from good families, gay, careless boys, who were wild for adventure, fresh from our studies, and heartily sick of the dull routine of civilized life.

"You must know I have a peculiar mark upon the breast; you shall see it—it is not always red as now, but generally a pale shade of pink."

"Were you born with that mark, George?" asked Rodman, gravely.

"Certainly; why do you ask?"

"Because, man, you are not, to my mind, what you ought to be, with a mark like that upon your flesh. It seems like God's sign for you to work for him."

"That is true, Rodman; I am not what I ought to be, nor what my mother used to hope I might be. I remember how tenderly she used to kiss my 'little cross.'"

"Mothers enymost pitch their children into heaven by praying for them. But go on."

"Well, this little mark is red, as you now see it, always before some event of importance transpires; its redness betokens danger, distress, or joy—triumph. I anticipate something decisive and noteworthy impending over me, whenever my little cross is suffused with color."

"I had left my companions higher up the stream, for I grew tired of their noisy mirth, and, with my gun over my arm, leaped a hideous earthquake *crevasse*, and descended the stream to the foot of the falls. I leaned my back against that huge sycamore yonder, and fell into a reverie engendered by the softness of the atmosphere and the loneliness of the spot. I must have slept, and it was a long time before I became assured, in my own mind, whether what transpired was not all of it a dream. I heard the most delicious music that ever ravished human ear—silvery bells chiming; cool, delicious water-drops falling in musical cadence; soft and dreamy, stealing the breath, came the sounds over the senses."

"I beheld a young girl, half Aztec, it seemed, and half Spanish; one of those phantoms of beauty to be found only in this delightful region, dancing one of those peculiar dances which have that grace and swimmingness of movement akin to the undulations of the sea. With rounded arms gently raised, now above her head, and now curved nearly to her feet, bending, waving her pretty head and lovely shoulders, she seemed in an ecstasy of enjoyment. I rubbed my eyes; I gazed in wonder not unmingled with fear as the dance went on, for, strange to say, her companion in the dance was a huge, hideous rattlesnake. I dared not move or speak. I doubted if both were not snakes, and again I doubted if either were a snake—if both were not girls of the sunny South, stealing away the soul by their grace and beauty."

"I had thrown my sombrero upon the turf, and my breast was bare to the slight wind that stole down the ravine. I must have moved, for all of a sudden the serpent darted forward and buried his fangs here, just above the pap and below the cross. I saw the girl strike the monster down with her small hand, and I felt a pair of cool lips encircling the wound. I knew no more. I was gone to that oblivion fearful to consider, devoid of all thought, sense, motion."

"Slowly, dreamily, a half consciousness re-

turned, so sweet, so delicious, that I seemed truly lapped in Elysium."

Here I was interrupted by Rodman, who took his pipe from his mouth, and rolled his eyes gravely to mine, without stirring his neck in the least.

"You must have had a pooty considerable a time of it, George, but suppose you drop the high-fe-luting and stick to the main facts."

Thus admonished, I went on: "I now beheld a group of those slim, delicate natives, the relics of the old Indian population, so ruthlessly slaughtered by Cortes and his followers, who were busily employed in making a circular excavation in the light soil, under the direction of the beautiful girl I had before seen. Having sunk this to a considerable depth, they brought forward an immense cauldron of terra cotta, and settled it firmly into the hole. Into this was cast aromatic oils, and splits of wood."

"At a motion of the girl, who approached the cauldron with a stern face, I observed she was followed by the huge rattlesnake which had performed his part in the dance with her. She lifted up a silver wand, tipped with opal stone, and pointed to the cauldron. There was a look from the serpent of almost human deprecation; but she was unrelenting, and the creature lifted himself upward, fold above fold, and slid within its depths. Instantly there was a crash of angry rattles, a rush as of a strata of wind, and another of the same species, and its mate, swelled the burden of the cauldron. One of the natives flung a burning torch within, and a pyramid of pure flame ascended from the midst. I saw the two writho and whirl in rapid gyrations—lift themselves in a tall column from the center, and then were lost amid the fierce burning of the oils and aromatic woods. The natives joined hands in a dance; but the girl stood unmoved, bearing her silver wand aloft; and again all was silent, and I, unconscious of all but a delicious sense of repose."

"It may be you hanker after that kind of woman life!" retorted Rodman. "What happened after this?"

"I felt myself lifted upward and borne along at a slow pace. I tried to open my eyes, tried to speak, but in vain. I heard a low dirge chanted in the distance, and believed that my own burial was at hand. Could it be that they thought me dead? could it be that I was to be consigned a living, breathing victim to the earth by these ignorant barbarians? I could not move hand nor foot. Horrible visions flitted through my brain. Dismal yells and fiery coru-cations filled me with dismay. I saw shapes

bending over me, every one of whom seemed compounded of elemental flame, and who, pointing to their breasts, showed a word written thereon which I strove frantically to decipher, but in vain.

"The dirge grew more loud and solemn, the air was heavy, damp, and confined. I now become conscious that the procession was threading the interior of a vast temple or pyramid, the stony chambers of which were filled with gigantic columns and statuary representing the ancient Aztec divinities. With difficult feet my bearers ascended the innumerable steps leading to the truncated apex of this vast Teocalla, and I felt the heavy breathing of the men, weary with their burden. The chant died away in the sepulchral chambers, and then the turn of an angle brought the melancholy sound in full diapason to the ear.

"Reaching the area above, the cool midnight air stole through a latticed chamber, and the dim stars glowed like burning gems from the blue empyrean. I no longer struggled with my fate. I was unable to move, but I felt neither dread nor suffering, nothing but a soft languor and sense of repose. I saw through my closed lids.

"Looking upward I beheld an immense cross rising in the pale light, solemn as the night of the Crucifixion. It was composed of stone, elaborately carved, and covered with hieroglyphics. At the base was the hollow Sacrificial Stone, over which swept masses of fine cotton, which trailed upon the floor, and was decorated with flowers. Priests were swinging censers of incense, and I saw in the distance a large obsidian mallet, which one of their number swung to and fro, as if eager to try its weight upon my brain.

"I felt myself lifted upward and laid upon the Stone of Sacrifice. Low sobs were audible, and the same lovely girl I had before seen knelt down beside me. The High Priest laid his hand upon her shoulder and said:

"'Is it well, Zalinka?'

"'It is well, my father.' Then she arose and flung herself at his feet and cried, imploringly, 'Give him to me for this night only. Leave me, my father, for I saved him once; and then I bow to the gods.'

"'So be it, my daughter;' and, waving his hand, the conclave departed.

"Then Zalinka, kneeling beside me, raised the white folds from my breast, and gazed upon my little cross with a weird, sad face. She receded from my side and looked up at the stony cross towering above us, and sighed heavily,

"'I will save him! He shall not die!' she murmured.

"Again she approached me; she laid her cool, beautiful cheek to mine, she placed her lovely arms around my neck and whispered, tenderly, passionately, words in a language hitherto incomprehensible, but now known and familiar to me. Suddenly she arose and pushed a stone, which moved in its silent groove, and the side of the cross revealed a subterranean passage, descending into the interior of the structure. Then it seemed as if a weight were removed from my senses, and I sprang to my feet, crying, 'Zalinka, beautiful Zalinka.'"

It appears these words were audibly spoken, as my vision receded, and caused Cora no little irritation.

CHAPTER III.

SISTER ELECTA—OPINIONS OF A SHAKER—CORA—A PRETTY ONE TALKS.

IN this veritable story which I am recording, I shall permit the Professor to relate his portion of it in his own way, reserving to myself the historian's privilege of filling up the details as events may transpire.

Sister Electa, who was now an inmate in the family of the Professor, had sought him many years before the opening of our story, and in a few simple words explained that she wished to place herself under his tutelage for the sake of acquiring that knowledge which had been denied her under the austere rule of the Community. The bachelor student at first was greatly embarrassed at this proposition, coming from a staid, handsome girl, whose nun-like aspect presented no little attractions to a man so simple-hearted, studious, and unworldly as our good Professor; but the straight-forward, matter-of-fact way in which the young Electa made her wants known, not only assured him, but totally blinded his eyes to the many attractions which concentrated themselves under her uncouth dress and simple manners.

She was hungering and thirsting for knowledge; she had no vestige of the vanity and the coquetry supposed to be inherent in the sex, and once admitted to the storehouse of ideas, she bent her large spiritual eyes over the book and lost all consciousness of the presence of her teacher, who felt a pride in seeing that she kept up with the class of students in the College, and went beyond most of them in clearness and thoroughness of comprehension.

At intervals she returned to the Shaker Com-

munity, remaining with them through the long vacations of the College, and returning to her studies again with renewed zest and enthusiasm. Thus years passed away in a sort of dreamy content, both teacher and pupil feeling the need of each other; both feeling a gentle roundness of life by this pure companionship, but neither breast stirred by any deeper, dangerous, or more absorbing passion for the other. It was a beautiful friendship, such as can exist between the sexes only when the pursuits of the two are intellectual.

It was after one of these seclusions that Electa returned to find her friend a married man. The heart of the fair student certainly contracted with a pang at this, for marriage occupies no place in the Shaker vocabulary; and everywhere marriage is a sort of domestic earthquake, tearing asunder cherished relations, and burying under a lava-tide much that had hitherto been of lovely seeming in the experience of the parties.

But whatever might have been the thoughts or emotions of Electa, the Professor never once thought that his beloved pupil would feel aught but delight in the augmented happiness of her friend, and he hastened to bring the two women together with an almost childish delight. Fortunately, the instincts and intuitions of the Professor were of that genial, wholesome kind that only persons somewhat akin in character were drawn into the sphere of intimacy with him, and the young wife and favorite pupil became at once attached friends.

Sister Electa was domesticated in the family, and this new experience of the Professor which, as we have seen, left poor little Cora ill at ease, and rendered the presence of a wise, discriminating friend exceedingly grateful to her. Cora was so pretty, so child-like, and petulant, that she kept all about her in a perpetual and not unharmonious ferment. The Professor was certainly greatly hindered in his pursuits by her exactions, hut he bore it patiently, and submitted to her whims with a gentle docility quite touching to witness.

Not long after the Professor commenced dreaming, Cora, who had followed his retreating figure with a serious face and wistful eyes, arose and walked up and down the room with a perfectly wo-begone air. It was as painful to see her distressed, as it is to see the unnatural thoughtfulness of a young child. She was perplexed and trouhled, without clearly understanding whether she had reason for so being. She felt as if something had been lost to her, but could not tell what it was.

Suddenly, she turned to Sister Electa, who sat at her needle, and exclaimed :

"Sister Electa, you have never told me why you left the Shakers. Tell me all about it. I wish I could go and join them."

"Thee is a foolish child, Cora. Thee does not know what will please thee."

"I know all that—I know I am bad, and weak; don't fret me," and her delicate chin quivered. "Tell me why you came away; there's a dear."

"Why did the raven leave the Ark?"

"It was sent forth."

"Did the raven ever go back, Cora?"

"No, surely; why should it have gone back?"

"It has been a bird of *ill omen* ever since."

"But the dear, loving dove returned."

"Yes, when the great, overwhelming deluge had passed over him. Thee will learn, Cora, that in this life, unless we are dwarfed in soul, and can find no more significance in our being, that we must go out, or be driven out of our strongholds."

"Oh dear, dear! I do not understand one-half that you and the Professor talk about. It puzzles me and tires me, and is of no use. But you are the happiest woman in the world, Sister Electa."

"Why does thee think so?"

"Because you have your own way, and were not obliged to be married."

"The first is doubtful; God does not permit his creatures to follow out their own desires in this world. Nothing but disorder would ensue; and as to the last, my sect renounce the world, and do not marry."

"I wish my mother had sent me to the Shakers when I was a baby," and she snipped off the thread of her embroidery, as if it were of equal importance with the subject under discussion.

"But, surely, thee loves the good Professor, Cora?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so; good old boy! But my mother picked him out for me, and now quarrels with him, and makes me behave badly. I am sure I torment him, and do not mean to do so."

"Thee is very unreasonable, child."

"There now, Sister Electa, every body can see that; so do not talk about it. My mother used to tell me I was ugly, and must get married early."

"She did thee a wrong, Cora; for thee is very pretty."

"So George tells me;" she did not call him Professor this time, but tossed her head com-

placently. "You despise my mother; I see you do."

"I think her a very worldly, selfish woman; but it is not right to discuss her to thee, Cora."

"My mother worldly! why she is very religious—goes to church every Sunday, and every Thursday evening, and never laughs on Fast days." Cora twisted her mouth almost in the shape of the scallop she was turning, as she made this remark.

"Thee married George from choice; did thee not, Cora?"

"Oh! to be sure I did; he is so young, and so old, and so good, and so wise, and so patient with poor little me; how can I help loving him? But Mamma says there is no need of loving your husband; she says she did not much love my father. Poor, dear Papa! He was so kind, and tried so hard to please her. I heard him say once there was nothing in this world so uncertain as a woman's temper, and I believe him; I think we are hateful."

"I hope thee's mother was kind in return to so good a man, Cora. I am not quite sure that we ought to be talking in this way."

"Oh, nobody can resist you, Sister Electa. Somehow it is a sort of relief to tell you every thing. I feel so fresh and happy when I have let out all the bad in me. But I am not quite right with George, though I shall not tell you about it yet. Oh, it is a great, terrible secret!"

"If it concerns thee's husband, Cora, thee ought not to tell it. It is his secret as well as yours, and must be held sacred."

"I know all that tiresome kind of wisdom, Sister Electa; I have a great many thoughts that are not clear to me, and they make me very unhappy."

"Thee should write them out; write and read them, and think, think, till thee's mind is clear."

"That would make me a literary woman, and I despise the very thought, even if I had wit—no, mind enough to be one."

"I do not see why thee should despise them."

"George said the other day, a woman ought to let her husband do all the thinking for her, and I am sure that is a nice, easy way. He says, to see a woman's name in the papers and on boards and fences, is a perfect scandal."

"I do not see how that is to harm her, if she is associated with what is good and noble."

"I do not think I shall ever think any thing worth printing, and so I tell all my thoughts to George; and you should see him laugh sometimes. One day I told him I wished I was Eve, in the Garden of Eden. And he replied:

"I would not object, provided I could be Adam."

The Professor had entered as Cora said this, and he leaned over her chair, playing tenderly with the ringlets of the pretty head.

"But I do not think I should love Adam," retorted the capricious beauty.

"What was there else for Eve to love?"

"God, and the angels. Adam was not much of a man; *my* Adam would not have touched *my* apple; and he would not have loved me any the less because I wanted to be wise." Cora looked up to the face of her husband with a pretty, girlish blush as she said this.

"I have sometimes thought," mused the Professor with an abstracted air, "that it might be a subject of curious interest, could we collect the first utterances of persons as they first awake from sleep to consciousness. We listen with interest, and repeat as oracles the last words of those who close their eyes to their last sublunary slumber, and I doubt not many a mystic oracle has found expression as we emerge from the shadow-land of sleep."

Cora's face assumed an expression at first grave, and then painful, and she whispered:

"Have a care, George!"

He did not seem to observe her, but stooped down and kissed one of her curls, and went on with the same abstracted look:

"I think, to dream well, a person must be in health, and Eden-young in character. I think a person of ordinary talents may have genius in sleep; just as the poet is not alwas on the mount of inspiration, but has his moments of divine afflatus, akin to the wonderful visions of the dreamer. I never close my eyes without a sense of ecstatic joy."

"I'll put my head close to yours, George, and take your dream; I am sure you have no right to dream in the way you do."

"It does no harm, my darling little wife, that I dream; indeed, I wish she could go along with me, and see the beautiful countries through which I pass, and realize the proximity of thousands of years ago to-day, only I fear it might make her beautiful little head ache."

He had seated himself upon the sofa beside her, and with a tender playfulness clasped and unclasped the bracelet upon her arm; while she looked eagerly, and not a little anxiously into his serene, manly face. It was a pretty picture, the two thus seated.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROFESSOR DREAMS AND BEGINS WHERE HE LEFT OFF IN HIS FORMER VISION. HE RATHER LIKES HIS DOUBLE LIFE.

THE Professor had no control over his resuming visions—they came in spite of himself. In spite of his volition, he found himself reviving like an inner consciousness—a vast, sensuous experience amid the gorgeous luxuriance of tropical life; moving amid the stupendous structures which in our day baffle the scrutiny of the antiquarian, and participating in a worship repugnant to the progressive ideas of a more spiritualized creed. He was happy in the routine of his daily avocations so well adapted to his quiet, scholarly tastes, and yet he renewed again and again the thrilling emotions of his dream experience, as if assured through it of a double existence—a life in to-day, and a revived reminiscence of a foregone, broader, more subtle, but less intellectual being. He thus writes:

“The back of the head is the storehouse of memory. How fearful it would be if the whole experience of a past *ens* could be unfolded like a written book before us! I was talking with Cora, and my wondrous pupil, Electa, when all at once, the carpeted room, and the sweet faces of modern womanhood were shut out from my range of vision, and the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics arose to view, and I was relating my story to my friend Rodman, the hunter, who belongs to still another experience, and an experience foreign to the days and the years which I have known since a muling child I sat upon my nurse’s knee in this present State of Maine. Rodman was looking into my face with a puzzled expression, and asked:

“Are you often taken in this way?”

“I do not understand you.”

“You fell away to sleep mighty easy, and I thought you might as well have it out, so I threw on some stuff to make a blaze to keep these confounded mosquitoes off. Better now?”

“Better! I haven’t been bad; never was better in my life. Let me see, where was I when you interrupted me?”

I did not like the sharp, incredulous look of Rodman, as he held his pipe a half-yard from his mouth and blew the smoke out slowly from between his lips. Placing it leisurely in his mouth, he drew a whiff or two before he answered:

“You wer’ tellin’ about that gal, Zalinka. Pooty girl, with a softish kind of a heart.”

“Oh! yes, I remember; my senses were suddenly restored to me, and I sprang to my feet, crying, ‘Zalinka, beautiful Zalinka!’ She placed her finger upon her lip, in token of silence, and taking my hand in hers approached the entrance to the passage thus opened within the figure of the gigantic cross. I looked upward and beheld the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross in the sky, the archetype of the image which stood vast and mysterious, topping the solitary splendors of this ancient cone-like structure wherein man has expressed his crude sentiment of worship. My bosom was bared to the breeze, and Zalinka pointed with her finger to the sign of the cross thereon and then lifted her eyes reverently to the towering symbol above us, and onward to the starry, symbolic constellation in the heavens.

“‘I also have the stigmata of one form, the earliest idea of worship,’ whispered Zalinka, and loosening the white robe from her smooth delicate shoulder, I saw thereon the faint outline of a serpent, like a ruby stain.

“Zalinka suddenly stooped and listened, and her face grew deadly pale—I too listened, and up from the chambers below swelled the hymns of the priests as they ascended slowly the long stone steps leading to the tower of sacrifice. She wept, or rather tears fell from her eyes, and she stooped down the stair-case and sang in a low, plaintive voice a response to the hymn:

“Take the life-blood, O Life-Giver!
Back to thee the fount we send;
Open wide the starry vistas,
Let the approving gods descend.
Mystic Serpent! mystic Cross!
Fount of life, to life returning—
Whet the knife, the bosom bare,
High the altar-flame is burning.

“She sang the last words in a shrill, ecstatic voice, and immediately applied a torch to the altar-pile. Her action had the effect of delaying the approach of the hierarchy, and for one moment the flame revealed to me the whole vast area surrounding the temple filled with a sea of upturned faces; far as the eye could reach was a vast multitude of worshipers, who, as the flame towered to heaven, as by one movement prostrated themselves upon the earth. I should have been in bold relief upon the stone tower with its pyramid of flame, raised hundreds of feet above the heads of the mass below, had not Zalinka pushed me within the doorway to the cross, as I before said.

“Calm as death stood Zalinka, with her arms raised aloft, and her long hair falling like a veil

about her. She approached the verge of the parapet—the sides of the pyramid faced the cardinal points—she turned to the west; she knelt down; she tore a girdle studded with gems from her waist and held it aloft; she severed a lock from her hair and cast it to the western winds. A shout arose from the multitude as they saw the beautiful token borne upward—upward over the city, away in the dim distance, till it was lost to the eye.

“Quick! quick!” cried Zalinka, “push the altar-stone of sacrifice! Oh! ye everlasting gods, pity thy child!”

“I did as she bade me, she lending her eager hand to the work. It had been placed upon rollers and the vast structure of stone now slid easily along its groove, and with a sharp, vibrating clang settled over the aperture of the staircase leading to the altar.

“A great cry—a voice of wonder, dismay, execration, swelling to a howl, arose from the multitude beneath, for the closing up of the temple was an omen of evil, and betokened that the gods had left the sanctuary and the priestess was dead upon the altar. Slowly faded the lurid flames, and at length night and silence settled over the deserted temple.

“Now, follow, speak not, and beware that you stumble not, for the way is long and dark.”

“I took her hand, and would have eluded the jeweled wrist, but she shook mine from its hold and moved onward.”

“A well-behaved, modest young woman in my opinion; though the way in which she cheated the dusky varmint lookin’ up to her, might be a caution to a discreet man. I am thinkin’.”

“It was a part of her religion, Rodman. She was trained to it.”

“They thought she staid up there and died, or was borne bodily to them sunshiney places and mooney islands, where they supposed men and women would be eternally eatin’ buffalo, and drinkin’ blood out of the skulls of their enemies! eh?”

“Of course, they knew of no way for her escape, that being a secret of the priesthood.”

“To my mind, a set of cheatin’ scoundrels, who’ll be eternally roasted in the fire and brimstone they are so fond of tellin’ about.” And Rodman shook the ashes out of his pipe, and put in a new stock of tobacco with his thumb. “And so forever after, them stairs was thought to lead to nothing, and grew to be a wonder,” he continued.

“I have no doubt they will, unless I live long

enough to tell the story. Zalinka bent down her ear to a small opening in the structure, and said sorrowfully:

“‘It is my father! He calls for his child! come!’”

“By this time we had entered within the stone cross, and with my help we swung together the two doors closing the entrance. I thought the clang would never cease its vibrations along the interminable vaults. Zalinka still lead me on in total darkness and utter silence, except that she gave me the signal of descent by means of broad, shallow steps, which I was aware led to the top of the Teocalla. Our way was necessarily slow and labored, yet I had such confidence in my beautiful guide that I had no fear.

“Threading our way through these sepulchral chambers the air became heavy and damp, and a giddiness seized me.

“‘A little longer and we are safe,’ whispered the young priestess, and she pressed onward. Turning a sharp angle, the passage became so narrow that I felt my way along the wall, and presently the cool air came refreshingly to my brain, and we were in one of the minor corridors of the structure, long and narrow, and intersected by others leading to various parts of the temple.

“Leaving this we emerged upon a stone balcony overlooking the river, and far above the base of the pyramid. The loveliness of the scene, the cool flow of the water, the aroma of sweet tropical plants, stealing through vistas of the palm tree, the plantain and mahogany with its deep foliage; the screams of parrots and monkeys, startled by some wild beast or stealthy serpent from their slumbers, rendered the aspect of nature at once solemn and beautiful.

“From our position in the shadow of the dark walls we could see and hear the slightest movement upon the river, ourselves hidden from observation. Zalinka had thrown a mantle of ample size over her shoulders, which entirely concealed her person, but her large, lustrous eyes outshone in splendor the bright stars to which they were raised. She did not heed my presence, nor turn her fair face one moment to mine.

“‘Will they seek thee, Zalinka?’ I inquired.

“‘Yes; even now I hear the dip of their oars descending the river.’

“‘O Zalinka, what fate awaits thee?’ and I drew the cold hand to my breast as I spoke.

“She turned her eyes slowly to mine, and the white lips whispered:

“‘Only death!’”

"At this moment the notes of many voices singing in unison grew more and more distinct, and I could distinguish the words :

"Slow wanes the night ;
Ere morning light
Thy sacred face shall see
Our pearl so rare,
Our blossom fair,
An offering unto Thee.
Bright dwellers of the sky
Look down with pitying eye.

"O Virgin Bride,
So true and tried,
Scorn not the gift we bring ;
Fling open wide
Thy gates beside,
Let music outward ring.
Her virgin feet must tread
The pathway of the dead.

"As the hymn in slow measured cadence approached, Zalinka instinctively drew nearer to my side, and grasped my wrist convulsively. We gazed from our position upon the river as the boats drew nearer. There were twelve boats, each bearing the priests of the temple, in their white sacerdotal robes, with hands folded upon their breasts, and faces of a stony calmness. One by one they disappeared under the subterraneous channel constructed beneath the foundations of the Teocalla. Nearer, nearer grew the voices, and we knew they were ascending the steps which led to the chambers above. Nearer, nearer, and the sweeping of their long robes, and the measured tread of their sandaled feet were plainly to be heard in the corridor from which we had emerged. Nearer, nearer, and it seemed to me that I felt the breath of the cold, ghastly band, as I could distinctly hear their labored breathing as they toiled along the fatiguing pathway, preceded by a band of beautiful maidens wreathed with flowers, and each bearing a torch in her hand, these last evidently brought from the recesses below. The lurid light of the flambeaux glared in upon us, lighting the river below, lighting the vivid coloring of the huge statues along the wall, showing the gorgeous blue and gold and crimson of the stuccoed recesses beyond, and, more appalling still, falling upon the cold, dead face of Zalinka, who had fainted in my arms.

"Each face as it passed seemed to glare upon the two wretched beings shuddering beneath the wall ; every ray of light seemed searching, groping, and prying in subtle malignity, as if already exulting in our detection. A bat,

startled by the light, flapped his filmy wing against my face, and a nocturnal bird from the top of a neighboring tower gave utterance to one of those unearthly cries that so often electrify the stranger in tropical regions. Would they never go by ! I counted, counted, and grew weary at the task ; the dirge-like tones even now come back to my nerves with that old horror, which had welded itself into my very being."

"You needn't worry yourself to bring it back, George, I see you had a narrow squeak of it. I've watched a painter, ready to spring on me, and the time seemed mighty long, and I ready to pull trigger ; but it's sort of weakening to recall such things."

"At length the last white robe appeared, fluttered in the draft of air from the balcony, trailed a moment over the pavement, and then was gone, as the owner turned the angle and ascended the steps so lately trod by Zalinka and me.

"'Awake, awake, Zalinka !' I whispered, 'the danger is past.'"

"She slowly lifted her eyes, and for a moment was bewildered and unable to collect her thoughts, then, quick as thought, she pushed aside a curtain in the wall and motioned me to follow. We descended again the stone parapet, emerging at intervals to the external wall, and then plunging again into damp, sepulchral chambers, silent as death.

"The faint light of morning began to glow ruby in the east, and the many voices of nature, responsive to the advent, filled the air with music of bird and insect, when we at length stopped in a room so delicate and yet so richly fashioned that my eyes were dazzled with its sumptuous furnishing. In the center was a silver vase from which issued the spray of a fountain whose waters fell into a basin of porphyry inlaid with gems. Niches filled with costly vases and rare flowers, and the walls covered in hieroglyphics, which I knew were choice words from the poets, and sacred religious oracles. Pure lilies were sculptured around images of a fair, serene face, grave and beautiful in matronly dignity. Cushions covered with the skins of humming birds, and curtains composed of feathers, floated from the ceiling and formed magnificent canopies over sofas whose frame, work was of massive silver.

"Sweeping aside a feathery curtain, an alcove formed in blue with silver stars was revealed, and a couch draped with snowy coverings.

"'Here you are safe ; here none will intrude. Sleep in peace.'

"'And you, Zalinka ?'

“ ‘The danger is past for the present.’

“She knelt down and clasped to her bosom the blossom of a plant which stood within the spray of the fountain, and with eyes whose intensity was overpowering, looked off into the void above, as if there she beheld what was invisible to other eyes, her lips repeating :

“Fair and beautiful is earth;
Fairer realms, to eye unseen
Serpent, scornéd in thy birth,
Lo! the Cross shall intervene.
Oh! blossom, fairest that the sun
Bends his glorious orb upon.”

“And she held to her bosom the blossom of the *Espiritu sanctu*—that strange, beautiful blossom whose petals inclose the shape of a dove.

“Suddenly a multitude of small white doves appeared, and with soft cooings floated around

her; some lighted upon her head, others on her delicate shoulder, while others dipped their crimson feet and ruby bills in the spray of the fountain. Zalinka moved not eye, nor hand, till one alighted upon her fingers and kissed her red lips, then she arose, and with a bright smile exclaimed :

“ ‘Oh, ye everlasting gods! I tremble before ye! I accept the augury, nevertheless. Life or death, darkness or light, joy or sorrow, I accept it all,’ and she threw herself prostrate upon the earth. Rising at length, she whispered :

“ ‘Sleep, O beloved Teomax! the divine mother accepts thee!’ ”

“I hope you told her your true name, George. A man may cheat a man who is expected to have wit and deviltry enough to take care of himself, but it’s a sneaking trick to cheat a woman, it is.”

The Dangers of Blistering.

BY DR. DAUVERGNE, PERE.

[Translated from the *Original French*.]

NOTE.—[As a general thing, blisters have been popular with the people, and their use among medical men, especially in the country, is very common. A majority of invalids submit to their application on themselves and their children, not only without thought of any danger, but with a belief that they are perfectly harmless. The cruelty practiced on children by their use is monstrous. We publish the following paper, translated from the French, with the belief that if non-professional people were better informed on some of the most common abuses of medical practice, physicians would make greater efforts to obtain better methods of treating their patients. Let the people have light on these topics, and abuses will soon disappear. They have driven blood-letting into the background, now let them drive blistering there, too.—*Ed. H. of H.*]

It was in 1835, after treating two patients with inflammation of the lungs ineffectually with large blisters, that I renounced that treatment, for I had perfectly satisfied myself: 1. That blisters in no way diminish the duration of the

disease; 2. That they increase the febrile excitement, *i. e.* the general heat and the rapidity of circulation; 3. That they are a real misery to the patient, aggravated by the slightest movement, and especially at each dressing; 4. That each dressing involves danger, because it is necessary to uncover the chest, which momentarily checks the cutaneous transpiration, sacrificing the effects of a natural general revulsion for the sake of a limited and artificial one; 5. Finally, I perceived that a fresh inflammation developed near an inflamed part is more likely to aggravate than to divert the disease from the latter.

I observed also, at the same time, that ordinary pneumonia (lung fever), was neither mitigated nor diverted, since stethoscopic examination on the day following the application of the blisters revealed no modification of the physical signs, and the fever itself was really increased, just as if the blisters had never been applied.

What then is the good, I asked myself, of a treatment which does not diminish the local symptoms, which aggravates the general phenomena, which tortures the patients, and is

likely to aggravate and almost always to prolong the disease by the mischief done in the necessary exposure of dressings, etc., etc.? I renounced the practice at once, and as I have never found any harm I have continued to dispense with it. But although I have given it up, many practitioners, especially country doctors, have not done so, for very often I find myself in absolute opposition with them on this point, and I am therefore now compelled to justify my practice, and to ask them for an explanation of theirs.

For my part, before employing a remedy which is painful, inconvenient, and disagreeable from the odor of suppuration, I should need to be well assured that it either diminishes the extent or arrests the progress of the disease. But I know of no one who has first demonstrated by stethoscopy the degree and extent of a pneumonia, and then, after blistering, has proved the diminution either of the extent or the intensity of the inflammation. Galen applied blisters because Aselepiades, Archigenes, Ætius, and Cælius Aurelianus had applied them. Cullen proclaimed them because Sydenham and Freind had eulogized them. Finally, which is the strangest and saddest thing, the popular as well as the medical *furor* for blistering has gone on increasing till we all fancy ourselves compelled to apply blisters. And all this when no one has given us any reason!

I will quote a few cases: 1. The first was that of a child of three years, affected with acute pleurisy and effusion, who after the application of a blister, proposed by the doctor and agreed to with transports of joy by the friends, experienced an increase of the effusion and of the fever, which became uncontrollable. The child sank, either from the artificial inflammation, or from the loss of valuable time.

2. The next case was that of a young man with typhoid fever. A colleague suggested blisters to the legs. It was in vain that I reminded him that, in reference even to idiopathic brain affections, Rochoux, so competent an authority, had said before the whole Academy that they were more harmful than useful, seeing that the pain they caused, far from removing the cerebral suffering or irritation, increased it, because it was the brain alone which perceived the pain produced in the legs. All these arguments paled before the enthusiasm of the surrounders, and the blisters were applied. And they *did* take, so effectually that when the young man had got quite well he was kept in bed by gangrenous wounds, which the cantharides plasters had caused.

Such facts fail to undeceive any practitioner

"of robust faith," as Forget calls it, or the public which is victimized by it. The patient is always enchanted with remedies that produce a palpable effect which he sees with his eyes, and judges with his senses.

3. This spring I went to visit a child at its nurse's house, but could not find it. I called out; a boy of six or seven years came from a cabinet, walking slowly, gravely, like a little old man. He was pale, puffy, with bent head, his neck enveloped up to the ears in a handkerchief, and as stiff as if it had been screwed into an iron collar. "You have a blister on the nape of your neck?" I asked. "Yes." "You are ill?" "No." "Why, then, the blister?" "Oh," said he, with a little air of whimsical pride at being submitted to such a medication, "they put them on my arms, too," (touching each of his limbs, with a comic gesture, perhaps some ten times); "when one is done with they put on another." "And now that there is no more room on the arms, the neck has its turn? Do you enough?" "No." "You have headache?" "No." "You have nothing the matter with your eyes; why do they put so many blisters on you, then? Have you a little gland in the neck?" "Oh yes, but it only came lately." "Who is the doctor, then, who prescribed all this for you?" "We never see a doctor; my mother puts on the blisters, and the *pharmacien* gives me cod-liver oil."

The strange thing is, that many doctors would think themselves helpless if they had no more blisters; for one of them, assuredly in good faith, asked me naively, "But what can we do then?" I had the opportunity of showing him what to do in the case of one of his patients, the first sight of whom profoundly saddened me. It was a child of four years, confined to bed for the last two months with bronchitis, which had been constantly, successively, and solely treated by blisters on the arms and round the chest. One or two were always kept suppurating. The little patient was like a mummy; the emaciation was so great that the dental arches protruded as in a monkey's face, or a skeleton, so thin were the lips, and so very large the mouth. The eyes were deeply hollowed, and the cheeks stretched over the malar bones. The child was lying with head bent, hanging by its own weight, so incapable was the wasted neck of sustaining it. But when I was going to take his arm to feel the pulse, he sprang up like a lion, open-mouthed, to bite my hand. "What is that for?" I asked the mother. "Ah, sir," said she, "he thought you were going to dress his blisters. He always does that when we go

to dress them, and we are obliged to hold him." What could be done in the condition of this poor martyr? The blisters had not removed his cough, his pulse was small and rapid, his skin dry, hot, almost like parchment. I did not hesitate to advise tepid whole-baths in bran water to calm the pain of the blisters and moisten the skin a little. I ordered demulcent drinks and milk (first diluted and then pure), to diminish the fever and the bronchial inflammation. This treatment gave immediate relief, and ultimately cured the patient.

Do you want facts that speak more loudly? Must you have plainer proofs of the uselessness the abuse, the dangers, the tortures of these blisters? Is not this pure practice, and that of the worst kind?

On what is blistering founded? Upon an idea of revulsion.* And the physicians who employ it pretend to repudiate theory! Must we for ever repeat, that practice can only be the result of a preliminary idea which inspires it? Well, this idea of revulsion, on what is it based? On this aphorism of Hippocrates: *Duobus doloribus simul abortis vehementior obscurat alterum*. Yes, but in the first place pains are not inflammations, nor even congestions, and to obscure or to mask a thing is not to divert or to destroy it. Yes, the old man of Cos was right when he said that a stronger pain can mask a weaker; but he was talking of a phenomenon of sensation. If a violent toothache comes after a rheumatism, it will make one forget the latter. It is very common for a mental pre-occupation, caused by pecuniary loss, to be quite effaced by the loss of a child or a beloved wife. It is known that a neuralgia or a neurosis may be cured by a strong emotion, or by a lengthened pre-occupation of mind. For instance, Barras forgot, and was cured of his gastralgia in the grief of seeing his daughter fall ill and die of phthisis. It is in this way that the cures of the bone-setters, the sorcerers, are to be explained.

Moreover, the aphorism of Hippocrates, on which the whole theory of revulsion is founded, could not be applicable to an inflammation artificially set up, even at a distant point, because the two inflamed parts are connected by the medium of the circulation, which is excited in direct proportion to the number and extent of these inflammations. Do we not see and know constantly, that an affection, an inflammation, is by so much the graver when it is complicated with another? But what are the wounds of

blisters but little inflammations, nay, often serious inflammations?

A fortiori, if we create inflammations near to disease, not only is there the chance of failing to divert the latter, we run the risk of imitating, as one of my most illustrious teachers, Richerand, often said, a blind man armed with a stick, who should strike sometimes the disease, and sometimes the patient.

I have never understood the theory, and consequently have never employed or consented to the practice of applying blisters to the head in cerebral inflammation. In the first place, I have never seen any but disastrous results from the treatment; and, secondly, it is the height of illogicality to make an ulceration—an inflammation—on the scalp when there is already an inflammation of the brain, and perhaps of the membranes; although in the case of erysipelatous inflammation of the scalp we so dread lest the cutaneous inflammation should extend to the membranes, or to the brain itself.

Let us quote Velpeau himself: "The action of blisters is limited to hastening and deciding a suppuration* or a resolution which was previously uncertain, when one applies them at the prominent point of indurated masses.

It is going a long way to accord to blisters two actions at once which are entirely opposed to each other, and, notwithstanding the respect which I retain for this great surgeon, I can only see here a physiological contradiction; and in any case it would remain to prove from practice whether blisters do not more readily produce suppuration than resolution of inflammations. That is what Velpeau should first have determined; the more so because, in the cases where he only aimed at resolution, he ought to prefer compression,† for a few lines further on he adds: "I might say nearly the same of compression as I have said of blisters. In all diffused subcutaneous inflammations, taken at the early stage, a compression carefully made, a roller-bandage methodically and ingeniously applied, constitutes the *best possible means of resolution*."

Surely it would need much less than this last expression to put an end to all competition between compression and blisters, and to give the preference to the former. If there were any doubt about it, one might take the patient's own opinion.

* In popular language, suppuration means about the same as bringing to a head, as in case of a boil, and resolution means to scatter or remove.

† Compression is the application of pressure by rollers and bandages to swelled and inflamed parts.

* Revulsion means the art of turning the disease from the point where it seems to be located.

Time vs. Memory.

BY FRANCES DANA GAGE.

'T IS said that Time's an arrant thief,
 Who steals away our treasures,
 Making our happiest moments brief,
 And leaving pains for pleasures.
 That though we strive, and weep, and sigh,
 And beg them not to leave us,
 'T is useless, and the more we cry,
 The more Old Time will grieve us.
 I think there's some mistake in this,
 For, spite of cynic laughter,
 I know, if I've enjoyed a bliss,
 'T is mine for ever after.
 The flower that blossoms for the morn
 Must wither with the morning;
 And should it leave us all forlorn,
 All other flowers scorning?
 There is a bud, somewhere about,
 Will open for us to-morrow,
 If we do not crush its brightness
 By useless, pining sorrow.
 Who cares for Time's swift-going wings,
 While Memory has the power
 To gather up all pleasant things,
 And bring them back each hour!

Deal Gently with the Little Ones.

HE who checks a child with terror,
 Stops its play and stills its song,
 Not alone commits an error,
 But a grievous moral wrong.
 Give it play, and never fear it,
 Active life is no defect;
 Never, never break its spirit;
 Curb it only to direct.
 Would you stop the flowing river,
 Thinking it would cease to flow?
 Onward must it flow for ever;
 Better teach it where to go.—*Selected.*

to dress them, and we are obliged to hold him." What could be done in the condition of this poor martyr? The blisters had not removed his cough, his pulse was small and rapid, his skin dry, hot, almost like parchment. I did not hesitate to advise tepid whole-baths in bran water to calm the pain of the blisters, and moisten the skin a little. I ordered demulcent drinks and milk (first diluted and then pure), to diminish the fever and the bronchial inflammation. This treatment gave immediate relief, and ultimately cured the patient.

Do you want facts that speak more loudly? Must you have plainer proofs of the uselessness the abuse, the dangers, the tortures of these blisters? Is not this pure practice, and that of the worst kind?

On what is blistering founded? Upon an idea of revulsion.* And the physicians who employ it pretend to repudiate theory! Must we for ever repeat, that practice can only be the result of a preliminary idea which inspires it? Well, this idea of revulsion, on what is it based? On this aphorism of Hippocrates: *Duobus doloribus simul abortis vehementior obscurat alterum*. Yes, but in the first place pains are not inflammations, nor even congestions, and to obscure or to mask a thing is not to divert or to destroy it. Yes, the old man of Cos was right when he said that a stronger pain can mask a weaker; but he was talking of a phenomenon of sensation. If a violent toothache comes after a rheumatism, it will make one forget the latter. It is very common for a mental pre-occupation, caused by pecuniary loss, to be quite effaced by the loss of a child or a beloved wife. It is known that a neuralgia or a neurosis may be cured by a strong emotion, or by a lengthened pre-occupation of mind. For instance, Barras forgot, and was cured of his gastralgia in the grief of seeing his daughter fall ill and die of phthisis. It is in this way that the cures of the bone-setters, the sorcerers, are to be explained.

Moreover, the aphorism of Hippocrates, on which the whole theory of revulsion is founded, could not be applicable to an inflammation artificially set up, even at a distant point, because the two inflamed parts are connected by the medium of the circulation, which is excited in direct proportion to the number and extent of these inflammations. Do we not see and know constantly, that an affection, an inflammation, is by so much the graver when it is complicated with another? But what are the wounds of

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Generosity and Benevolence.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

GENEROSITY is that tendency to kindness which is produced through the senses, and which depends for its strength and continuance upon the report of the senses. Benevolence, while it includes this, is characteristically that tendency of kindness which addresses itself to the reflective faculties and the moral sense. Generosity is the kindness of the lower nature. Benevolence is the kindness of the higher nature. The one carries with it the *sense* element. The other carries with it the *soul* element. Generosity is the kindness of our bodily life, and the faculties which are more immediately connected with it. Benevolence is the kindness of the soul-life, and the faculties belonging to it.

Generosity, then, is largely a physical trait, depending on the senses; on the nerves; on the conditions of the body. Benevolence is the disposition of the spiritual elements—the higher powers in men.

Let us illustrate the operation of these two elements:

In the higher Alps there was a town that Pastor Oberlin took for his charge. Poor were the inhabitants. The soil was meager. The seasons were inclement. The people were very ignorant and vicious, and much neglected. A more hopeless set of beings could hardly be conceived of. Had a merely generous man gone to this parish of the Alps he would doubtless have sent medicine to the sick, given food to the hungry, and provided clothes for those who were shivering with cold. He would have relieved their outside wants as fast as they were presented to him. That would have been generous. But what was the conduct of the Pastor of the Alps? He, too, gave medicine to the sick, food to the hungry, and clothes to the naked. He afforded bodily relief, as far and as fast as he could. But he reflected on the causes of sickness, and hunger, and nakedness; and while he was for the hour and the day relieving the exhibition of these things, he had it in his heart to go back and remedy them in the very fountain. He went to the invisible source of the evils. He commenced a systematic, gradual remedy, not merely of their exterior troubles, but of interior ones as well. He founded schools. He taught agriculture. He went from house to house to inspire the people with not only industry and economy, but neatness and refinement.

While on the Sabbath he taught them Christian truths, during the week he carried on these Christian truths, by teaching them how to lift themselves above poverty, and meanness, and want. And after a few years his parishioners became as distinguished for thrift and happiness as before they had been for misery and poverty.

To give them bread to relieve their hunger was generosity; to give them clothes to protect them from cold was generosity; to supply their immediate bodily wants was generosity; but to give them power to make their own bread, to give them skill to make their own raiment, to give them that inward power which qualifies one to control the wants of every hour, was benevolence—a much higher and nobler development than mere generosity.

Benevolence, then, is the kindness of faith, or the spiritual element in man; generosity is the kindness of sight, or the bodily element. The one is transient, evanescent; the other is permanent and comprehensive.

Let us consider the advantages and dangers of these elements, taken separately and alone:

Generosity is prompt, is unselfish in act, and is designed for celerity and instantaneousness. And for such a spirit to manifest itself, there is sufficient opportunity in life. There is much suffering that needs instant relief. If we propose to give permanent relief, the road to that permanence is through immediate relief. Even when you would cause a radical remedy, you must meet the outcropping evils till your remedy can act. It may be that water on the forehead will not cure the disease, but while the medicines are operating in the system it may soothe the pain. It is well to mitigate the suffering of the patient while the process of cure is going on. And although generosity may not be adapted to touch the seat of the difficulty, yet you are reaching far in by Christian benevolence to touch the causes of things. The passing hour may be soothed and comforted by generosity. It produces a beautiful element in the human character. It makes men appear noble and winning. It impresses common and ignorant persons with the royalty of goodness ten fold as much as greater kindness addressed to the soul, and not to the senses. It may be that a Bible given to a man is the prolific cause of all worldly good, when he knows how to use it;

but before he knows how to use it a loaf of bread is more a sign of goodness in his sight than the Bible. Before men know how to appreciate spiritual things you must reach their confidence and good will, by things addressed to their physical senses.

But where generosity is not based on the higher element of benevolence, it is brief, evanescent, and so unable to cope with the great duties which Christianity inspires. This world is to be disenthralled, regenerated. It is to be developed from age to age, and more and more; but its regeneration and development can not be accomplished by evanescent spirits of generosity. They must be the result of the permanent work of benevolence. Generosity is good for an hour; benevolence for ages. Generosity does not seek out evil. It does not *go about* doing good. It is stationary. It relieves the want that is presented to it, and no other. It stays at home and responds to the call of those that come for its benefaction, and those only. It is narrow, and feels merely for such things as are most striking to the senses. It is not affected by things that appeal to reason, and faith, and moral sense. It is liable to great self-deception, so that generous men often become conceited, and lie to themselves. Men praise generosity more than benevolence, simply because more men live so low that they understand generosity rather than benevolence, and material gifts rather than benefactions of the spirit; and the generous man measures his generosity, not so much by the rule by which God measures it, as by the praises of others. And so men whose kindness is shallow; men who, every hour of the day, do something, though what they do is no deeper than their palm or their pocket, always have the reputation of being noble natures, while other men, who give their time, their thought, their feeling, their very life, and have nothing else to give, are looked upon as, comparatively speaking, uncharitable.

Now, experience teaches us that there is nothing in this world so cheap as giving. If a poor man comes to my door, and I give him a quarter, and send him away, I buy my own peace with that quarter. To take my hat and go with him to the miserable den where he lives, and explore the history of his case, and ascertain what his wants are, and institute a systematic remedy for his troubles which shall relieve them, not for to-day merely, but for his whole life—that would be benevolence; and it is a cheap commutation to give him a quarter and turn him off.

Benevolence is the child of reflection. It is comprehensive. It deals rather with the causes of things than with their aspects and effects. It acts not only in view of causes, but through long periods of time. It is enduring, and so adapted to the peculiar necessity of all exertions for Christian reformation—namely, “patient continuance in well-doing.” Generosity is the militia that enlist for three months, while benevolence is the regular force that enlist for the whole war.

Separated from generosity, benevolence runs into mischiefs, different from the mischiefs of exclusive generosity, but as real as they are. The two things ought to be married. It is not good for either to be alone. Generosity has its benefits if rightly affianced to benevolence, and benevolence has its benefits if rightly affianced to generosity. Each by itself has peculiar evils. Benevolence separated from generosity is apt to become cold to present suffering, and to come into sympathy with abstract principles more than with real human life; and at last it comes to be a spirit of inhumanity, inexorable for the general good, but indifferent to the particular.

A narrow generosity is the fault of the uneducated; but this perversion of the large spirit of benevolence is the particular vice of the educated, and of professional philanthropists. There are men that reason out the largest schemes of philosophy, that are cosmopolitan in their ideas, and that tell you they desire the welfare of the entire race, who have been so accustomed to generalize all things that at last they have ceased to be sensitive to particulars, and are only sensitive to the generic and abstract. When men come to this state of insensitiveness to every thing but generals, and form comprehensive schemes of benevolence, they are often the hardest-hearted men in the world. Let a man once understand that a certain system of theological teaching, or a certain system of charity is beneficial for the whole race, and let him undertake to establish it all over the world, and through all periods of time, and he will be apt to sacrifice all details, all minor particulars, for the sake of maintaining that great system which is in itself, as he supposes, to secure all the individual benefits that the world needs. So it comes to pass that we see men who are generically benevolent, but who are particularly stingy. If there is a movement for the establishment of a college, that touches their peculiar notions; and they say, “A college has a relation to the interests of generations, and should be encouraged; and they give to that object

thousands of dollars. But if in the next street there is a suffering family, the father and mother being sick and unable to provide for their children's or their own necessities, and a subscription paper is circulated for their relief, when it comes around to these men they can not attend to the wants of poor people. Their minds are occupied with larger schemes of benevolence!

If these two elements were incompatible with each other and it were impracticable to have large benevolence with generosity, it would be more than doubtful whether comprehensive charity were not comprehensive mischief. But they are reconcilable. They were designed to work together. The true idea excludes neither the one nor the other. It takes generosity to begin with, and benevolence to end with, one leading on to the other, and both working together harmoniously. And, united, they keep each other healthy.

If one's conscience is trained to the duties of generosity it will keep his large and speculative benevolence so near to human life, to humanity; that it will be less airy, less abstract, less definite, less cold. Benevolence, on the other hand, will tend to give depth and breadth to the evanescent spirit of an easily excited generosity, lifting it up from its sensuous condition, and inspiring it with a larger spirit. God meant that they should never go alone. Children should be taught to relieve visible, bodily wants, and they should also be taught to relieve invisible, spiritual wants. They should be taught that moral wants are a thousand times greater than physical wants. When they attempt to apply their benevolence to future ages and generations merely, they should be taught never to neglect present and near duties on account of remote and contingent ones. They should be taught that they must be both generous and benevolent.

Growth and Development.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE OXFORD GYMNASIUM.

THE system of bodily training of Greece and Rome had but one aspect, one aim, one object. It was designed to practice the youths of the country in all exercises tending to qualify them for the exigencies of war, as war was then pursued, as campaigns were then made, as weapons were then borne, as battles were then fought. Other object, other aim, other aspect, had it none.

But in those days, as in our own, there must have been men of unsound constitution and imperfect growth, from original weakness of organization, or from illness, ignorance, neglect, accident, and other causes. What system of bodily training was framed for their behoof? None. Here the observation of results was unequal to the requirement. They could reach no higher—they aimed no higher—than the production of a series of athletic games, suitable to the young, the brave, the active, the strong, the swift, and the nobly born.

Our knowledge of physiological science is something more valuable than this. A system of bodily exercise which should give added strength to the strong, increased dexterity to

the active, speed to the already fleet of foot, is not what is alone wanted now. It is not to give the benefit of our thoughts and observations and the fruit of our accumulating information to the already highly favored, and to them only, that we aim. On the contrary, it is the crowning evidence of the divine origin of all true knowledge, that in benefiting all within its influence, it benefits most bountifully those whose needs are the greatest.

In our days, as of old, the race is still to the swift and the battle is still to the strong, but the battle of life now is waged with the brain for weapon, and the race is the high pressure competitive efforts of memory and mind. These are the great and all-absorbing struggles of our times, a "struggle for life" as hard, and involving results and transformations as unerring and inevitable, as ever were traced in the origin of species.

It is health, however, rather than strength, that is wanted now—that is the great requirement of modern times, with modern men, at non-military occupations. Bodily power, activity, and stamina for the endurance of protracted

fatigue, are still at this day as much the real want of the soldier, as they were in the days of Xenophon, of Cæsar, of Napoleon. But the purposes and practices of war are not the all in all with us as they were with the Greeks and the Romans; nor are the whole of our able-bodied men under arms, nor the whole of our youths preparing for conscriptive battalions, as were the youths of Germany and France in the last century. The English army, scattered over the whole globe, and encountering the severities of every clime, claims but a fraction of our men; a small portion only of our youths are in uniform; but other occupations, other habits, other demands upon mind and body, advance claims as urgent as ever were pressed upon the soldier in ancient or modern times. From the nursery to the school, from the school to the college or to the world beyond, the brain and nerve strain goes on—continuous, augmenting, intensifying. Scholarships Junior and Senior, Examinations, open Fellowships, speculations, promotions, excitements, stimulations, long hours of work, late hours of rest, jaded frames, weary brains, jarring nerves—all intensified and intensifying—seek in modern times for the antidote to be found alone in physical action. These are the exigencies of the campaign of life for the great bulk of our youths, to be encountered in the schoolroom, in the study, in the court of law, in the hospital, in the asylum, and in the day and night visitations to court and alley and lane; and the hardships encountered in the fields of warfare hit as hard and as suddenly, sap as insidiously, destroy as mercilessly, as the night-march, the scanty ration, the toil, the struggle, or the weapon of a warlike enemy.

Yes, it is *health* rather than *strength* that is the great requirement of modern men at modern occupations; it is not the power to travel great distances, carry great burdens, lift great weights, or overcome great material obstructions; it is simply that condition of body, and that amount of vital capacity, which shall enable each man in his place to pursue his calling, and work on in his working life, with the greatest amount of comfort to himself and usefulness to his fellow-men. How many men, earnest, eager, uncomplaining, are pursuing their avocations with the imminency of a certain breakdown before them—or with pain and weariness, languor and depression; when fair health and full power might have been secured, and the labor that is of love, now performed incompletely and in pain, might have been performed with completeness and in comfort.

Let it not from this be inferred that I con-

sider health and strength as in any manner opposed to each other; on the contrary, they are most intimately allied, and are usually by the same means and in the same manner obtained. Very closely are they connected, but they are not the same, and a man may possess either without the other. For strength may be due to the great force possessed by one system of the body, such as the muscular; or great force in one part of the body, such as the trunk or the limbs; but health is the uniform and regular performance of all the functions of the body, arising from the harmonious action of all its parts—a physical condition implying that all are sound, well-fitting, and well-matched. Young minds do not look far enough into life to see this distinction, or to value it if seen; they fix their longing eyes upon *strength*—upon strength now, and care not for the power to work long, to work well, to work successfully hereafter, which is *Health*. Therefore it is fortunate that the same means which usually give strength give health also; although the latter may be jeopardized by irregular efforts to obtain the former. Again, it is fortunate that this most desirable of all earthly possessions should spring from the regular and uniform development of the body as a whole, not from the extreme development of any special part. Vast strength of limb may be found united to a comparatively feeble trunk, a massive trunk to dwarfish limbs, great muscular force to delicate lungs. These alike reveal local power and local weakness, and these are not the developments which yield *Health*.

Let both man and boy, therefore, cultivate strength by every available means, but let it be general not partial strength. The Battle of Life requires for combatant the *whole* man, not a part; and the whole too in as good condition as can be brought into the conflict.

There is no profession, there is no calling or occupation in which men can be engaged, there is no position in life, no state in which a man can be placed, in which a fairly developed frame will not be valuable to him; there are many of these, even the most purely and highly intellectual, in which it is essential to success; essential, simply as a means, material but none the less imperative, to enable the mind to do its work. Year by year, almost day by day, we see men falter and fail in the midst of their labors—men to whom labor is life, and idleness is death—men who with a negation of self and self-comfort even unto martyrdom, devote themselves to great purposes and great works, and before their completion fail: men who run the

life-race with feet winged with the purest faith and hearts full of the noblest hope, and who, with the goal in view, falter and fail; and all for the want of a little bodily stamina—a little bodily power and bodily capacity for the endurance of fatigue or protracted unrest or anxiety or grief. Strongly has this been ever impressed upon me, more strongly than ever of late years, but never so strongly, never so sadly, never in its every aspect so impressively, as in the death of a late statesman, eminently alike for the height of his intellectual attachments, the nobleness and purity of his aspirations, and the gentleness and almost feminine sweetness of his character. He sank in early manhood, with his great career just begun, his great works but outlined by his hand; to other hands was left their accomplishment, to other hearts their fulfilment, and all for want of a little of that bodily stamina, a little of that material hardihood, a little of that power of enduring fatigue, which he was even as he failed, seeking to extend, through the means of this system of bodily training, to every soldier in the land.

This need of such a preparation for the coming struggle of manhood in these times of high civilization and intellectual advancement being then so apparent, what is the great hindrance to the due training of the body? It is to be found in the too exclusive cultivation and employment of the mind; in the long and continuous hours of physical inaction with extreme mental effort and inordinate mental stimulation, which the requirements and educational demands of the present day often involve; in the overlooking or ignoring of the fact that the body also has urgent and distinct claims to culture and employment.

Are these two then opposed? Is a healthy, energetic, and vigorous frame incompatible with a powerful and vigorous intellect? We know that it is not so. Science and experience alike confirm the fact that the one is in every case an aid to the other. That the intellect can rarely attain, or if it already possesses, can rarely long retain a commanding height when the bodily functions are impaired; that the body itself will be at its best and most worthy condition when its claims are most fully shared by mental occupations, and that the healthy condition of the mind, produced by sufficient and natural employment, will react most favorably upon the body, can never be doubted for a moment; yet we continually find the one warring upon the other. We shall find the reason of this in the overlooking of the laws which govern both mind and body.

The mind acts through a material organ, the brain, upon which it is entirely dependent, and which, in common with the other organs of the body, is subject to a constant decay and constant renewal from the most vital fluid; these processes being accelerated and its strength and vigor consequently augmented in proportion to its activity. But in common with other organs also, if this activity is carried on beyond certain limits, its waste exceeds nutrition, its strength gives place to weakness. The mind then is dependent upon the blood for its material support, and its healthy action is dependent on its receiving an adequate supply of healthy blood. Moreover, the organ of the mind being subject to the same laws as the other organs, requires similar alternations of rest and action to maintain it in its natural state of efficiency; and if either of these states be deficient or in excess, the brain, and consequently the mind, will deteriorate. If therefore the cultivation or exercise of the mind be neglected, it will of necessity be weakened in precisely the same manner as the other organs are weakened by insufficient use, will deteriorate both in strength and vigor and power of enduring fatigue. If, on the other hand, the exercise of the brain be excessive, beyond the point where the nutrition is equal to the waste, it will suffer in the same way to the same extent as the other organs would do.

It would be well if parents would ask themselves at the outset what is their object in the training of their children. "They wish them thoroughly educated," would probably be the response. Then let their first care be that the body shall be healthy and fairly grown. Let them take care that the mind shall receive that amount of culture which will develop and strengthen it, but let them pause at that point where exercise and application are merging into fatigue; so shall it attain its utmost attainable point of strength and vigor, so shall it reach its highest attainable capacity of enduring exertion and effort. Year by year will it be found to increase in these attributes, and in the aftertime, if a call for extra exertion should come, it will not come upon it unprepared. And more than this, the body having received its due share of cultivation also, will itself be gaining year by year, and while contributing to the health of the mind by its own health, will be able to endure successfully its allotted amount of labor, in whatever position of life, under whatever sun, it may toil. Nor let parents imagine that their sons who are destined to what are, chiefly or exclusively, sedentary professions, need not so

much preparation for their coming life. The clergyman, the physician, the barrister, are often called upon to endure even as much bodily fatigue as the soldier or sailor, and the numerous premature failures among all these classes show how needful such preparation is and how little the necessity has been recognized.

And yet how often do we find parents stimulating by every imaginable method, and by every suggestive expedient, the mental cultivation of their children; given to physical exercise and to physical recreation, and to devote them to study. What is it these parents are seeking? Is it the future welfare of their children, or is it (let us examine it closely) the gratification of their own pride in their children's superior talents and intellectual attainments? It has been said that the pride of parents in their children is, of all kinds of pride, the most excusable; but even our pride in our children may have many phases, and that phase can not be a purely unselfish one which would sacrifice ultimate health and happiness for temporary distinction, praise, and admiration.

The very interest evinced in the premature development of intellectual ability is dangerous to the young, appealing as it does to one of the most powerful stimulants in the youthful mind, the love of praise and notoriety. Boys soon learn to love the excitement which such an artificial mode of life produces, and cease to feel any interest in, or desire for, the active pursuits usually so dear to youth. Others there are thus forced into abnormal advancement, who work on reluctantly to the end, but once emancipated, the distasteful task is for ever abandoned. Which of these is most deserving of our pity, the unnatural young hermit, who in his books alone takes delight, or the too natural little Arab to whom books and book-learning have become a thing of disgust? Most parents have at some time or other felt a pang of alarm at seeing their child turn with carelessness from the food which they knew to be necessary to its well-being. I have already experienced the same feeling at seeing a child turn with indifference or dislike from the sports and pursuits of his companions to creep back to his books; and also as much alarm, mingled with anger—for false and cruel must have been the teaching which caused the dislike—at seeing the healthy and strong child turn with repugnance from his books.*

Earnestly, however, as I desire to advocate the cultivation of the bodily powers, I would guard against its being thought that I would neglect cultivating to their full capacity the mental ones. That would only be erring in another direction, and although a safer one in some important respects, important as regards present comfort and future health, it is still altogether erring; and the right path is broad and open and plain, free alike to all who will look for it with unprejudiced eyes. The brain also requires systematic and ample exercise to develop its attainable powers, and where there exists no unusual weakness, its reasonable culture can scarcely begin too soon or be pursued too steadily. Putting aside the necessity in these days for a highly comprehensive education, a degree of mental culture proportioned with careful hand to the age and mental and physical capacity will be found to act with advantage to the latter, and the relish and zest for bodily exercise, which supplies the most valuable of all incentives, will be increased by it. The giving of a large part of the day to exclusive bodily occupation is, for those who are to take a place in the educated world, an equal error—a rejecting of the advantages of civilization. The body makes no such exacting demands. Let it not therefore be inferred that I would undervalue the purely mental work of schools, nor let it be for a moment imagined that I would advocate a less active, a less energetic, a less earnest pursuit of it. On the contrary, it is because I would sustain in their most ardent efforts its youthful votaries, and enable them in the aftertime to reap to the full the fruit of their labors, that I plead for a more discriminating indulgence in occupations purely mental and sedentary at this period of life. For there is no error more profound, or productive of more evil, than that which views the bodily and mental powers as antithetical and opposed, and which imagines that the culture of the one must be made at the expense of the other. The truth is precisely the reverse of this. In the acquirement of bodily health mental occupation is a helpful, indeed a necessary agent. And so impressively has this been proved to me, that in cases where the acquisition of bodily health and strength was the all-in-all desired by the parent, and the one thing longed for by the child (and in some cases almost despaired of by myself), I have been careful to allot and mark out a proportion of mental with bodily occupation.

* "My boy works seven hours a day regularly, sometimes eight," said a lady to me composedly. The boy had just turned his eighth year. Four languages besides his

own, Latin and Greek, French and German, with History, Geography, Arithmetic, and Instrumental Music! Were his headaches real or sham I wonder?

Baths for the Babies.*

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

THE impression that the water treatment can not be adapted to the wants of the weak and wee ones is incorrect.

Cold packs, plunges, and douches were a peculiar feature of the Priessnitz method, hence the name, cold water cure is applied, when water hot or tepid is largely used. Water can be varied in temperature, and its use repeated, so as to soothe the slightest fever and relieve chills, creeping or congestive, whatever the age of the sufferer.

Let an infant's first bath be about 98°, and from week to week gradually reduce it, as he will enjoy and get warm after. We say enjoy, for babies ought not to cry, as a rule, when they are bathed; and seldom will, if it is done with due discretion. Very few like being washed all over with a wet cloth, but a dip in a bath, or even remaining in one a minute, and being rubbed, is usually enjoyed, unless the little one has been scared by water too cold or too hot for comfort. After the bath, lay the baby in a soft towel and wipe it dry. Then rub gently with the hand, and let it lie before the fire, on the lap, with limbs unfettered, and get exercise and a good reaction. Or, if the room is too cool, or the baby inclined to be blue, wrap it in a woolen blanket for half an hour before dressing. One bath a day is sufficient. If the little one is delicate, two or three times a week is better for the first few weeks. Let this be done during the fore-part of the day. If the child is restless at night, or has an eruption on the skin, then a second bath may be given at evening. During the first year they will come to enjoy baths at 70° or 80°, according to their reactive power. I very well remember setting down my baby's bath tub of cold water in mid winter, while I went for hot water to add. When I came back my little boy had crept to the tub, climbed in and sat down, with a slight shiver and a look of surprise, but no outcry.

When a child is sick, the temperature of baths should be modified to meet the wants; remembering that if there is fever the surface is more sensitive to cold, hence baths or bandages should be warm, so as not to shock the little patient, which does harm, and makes them dread what they might enjoy. We have had the care of

many sick children, whose parents feared we would have great difficulty in giving them water treatment, because they cried when they were washed; but we very seldom have trouble, for after the first few they come to take baths as a pleasure.

We took a little girl from the Orphan's Home, who was very sick with cough and chronic diarrhea. Every thing being strange to her in the bath rooms, she screamed as soon as she entered, and went down into her warm bath as if she was descending into a fiery furnace or a freezing flood. But finding the water comfortable she grew calm, and ever afterward longed for her bath as the great treat of the day. When her daily fever came on she would say, "Me feel sick, and me want bath;" and when it was over, "Me had nice bath, me feel better now."

Children who have grown up under water treatment will ask, when sick, for baths and bandages; their own sensations often being the best guide as to what they need.

A child in a bath is always a sweet picture, and especially so when the bright face says, as well as the words, "I feel better now." By way of contrast, see the subject for pills and castor oil held in strong arms while the mother tries to hold the nose together and the tongue down, while she gives the pill, which, perhaps, after all, sticks to the teeth, and the oil pours out rather than in.

A gentleman who was partial to the early Thompsonian system, of heavy doses and many varieties of medicine, said when his child was sick he was obliged to call another doctor, because his child's stomach could not hold all the remedies prescribed.

From slight observation, we judge that it is a difficult matter to get any except Homœopathic remedies into these little stomachs. Hence we know how glad mothers are of any remedy that sick children will enjoy. Baths judiciously administered are pleasant to take and beneficial in their effects.

* This article is an extract from the new book, "Parlor Talks to Ladies," now in press by Wood & Holbrook. The work will be ready in March. See announcements elsewhere.

Industrial Education.

BY MRS. HORACE MANN.

THE public mind of Boston and many other places where the Massachusetts Common School System has been in operation on a large scale, giving an opportunity for all classes of the community to receive almost any amount of literary instruction, up to the point of preparation for college in the case of boys, and high-school instruction for girls, has been very actively at work of late to account for the want of *true education* that is apparent, especially in the last generation. Education is a great word, and the mere reception of instruction is the very smallest part of it. There are some gifted minds that need only an opportunity to get at books, methods, and ideas, as one might find a silver mine, whose value needs no explanation—and they straitway go on and educate themselves. We will leave such to their manifest destiny. Genius knows how to appropriate all the treasures it finds, but genius is exceptional, and we will set its claims aside as irrelevant to our present criticisms upon the education of the people, which is the object of the common schools. The fathers who built the school-house and the meeting-house side by side, when they first came into the wilderness in New England, and who soon added the college to the school-house, on the same principle and with the same purpose, namely, that every member of the community should have an opportunity for education, and that those who were to take part in the government together should be brought up in sympathy, saw with a prophetic eye that only thus could the republic they wished to found continue to be a republic in the true and highest sense. The sentiment at the moment was that rich and poor should be educated together. I should say the refined and the rude, for all were poor and had to toil for their subsistence. Soon the accession of others not actuated by so pure a principle, and the prejudices of caste brought from the Old World, marred this democratic idea. The refined did not like to expose their children to contact with the rude, however virtuous they might be, and private education and select schools increased, till the public schools became little more than charity schools, and then teachers were ill-paid, schools were kept in wretched, barn-like buildings, and the whole system deteriorated.

A great effort was at last made to restore the public school to its original intent, and under

able leadership the movement was highly successful. School-houses became palaces, teachers' salaries were increased, teachers' seminaries instituted; it became respectable, and in many places even genteel, to attend the public school. Great efforts were made to include the children of the foreigners who crowd to our country in this beneficent movement, which could be done if the schools were made unsectarian. It was found that the American-born Irish were as bright as American-born English, and, indeed, alarm was soon taken lest there should be no *lower class*, and then what would the higher classes do for servants? Who would do the work of the world? The true democratic idea that labor is honorable and that its practice need not be looked upon as disgraceful *per se*, even by the refined, had not taken very deep root, and chiefly because it had not been made intellectual. It was opposed also by the selfishness, egotism, and false pride of men, fostered as they had been in the higher classes of the world's society, in communities where slavery and serfdom had existed. The first evidence of this deep-seated alarm was the suppression of a fine high school in Boston, at which the children of the poorer classes, some of the Irish being included, had shown as brilliant scholarship, under the instruction of a talented and enthusiastic teacher, as the children of the first families in point of rank and fortune.

But an impulse had been given which could no more be stayed than the rush of waters over a broken dam. An idea had been born, a truth had been seen. This idea, this truth was that every child of God has an inalienable right to the highest education he can attain. It was one of those indestructible and self-evident truths that once seen can never be ignored. All the arguments that can be brought against it have their foundation on the low plane of selfishness. In despotic countries even, it has been impossible to stay the tide. The present King of Prussia, under the lead of his Catholic mother, has seen that a despotic throne can not long stand upon the knowledge of the people, and he has made a fruitless effort to check that progress of education in his own land, which, if he could but see it, has at last made Germany a unit. It was the intelligence that wielded his armies which gave them their success, and Austria herself has seen it, and roused herself from

her long slumber and made a gigantic stride toward progress. The reactionary movement has now been opposed by the teachers forming themselves into a body against it. How still more impossible is it to stem such a current in a country governed by free institutions!

Let us do nothing to check progress, as some public reasoners are now trying to do. Let us not undervalue this love of knowledge that has been awakened by opportunity, this consciousness of power that has been imparted to what was once a brute mass—a consciousness that makes every man an individual, as far as he truly has it.

But an evil has arisen, side by side with the new institution of the *school for the people*. Up to this time brain-work has been considered more honorable than hand-work, therefore those who cultivate their intellect trust to live by their intellects, if they must work at all, and turn aside from labor in all its forms. The graduates from our schools who have still farther opportunities of study and can go into the walks of science and philosophy, may well do so, for there is ample room for the best brain-work they can produce; there are still benighted lands where this idea of cultivating the faculties of all men has not yet dawned; there are kingdoms of nature that need more explorers than all human institutions can yet furnish.

But the others? What are those to do who have no farther opportunities? those who come from the ranks of ignorance and manual labor, and must fall back into those ranks? What must become also of the ungifted who return to the ranks of the refined and intelligent with delicate tastes awakened, refined sentiments stimulated, new wants created even by what they have tasted of the pleasures of knowledge? Must they not labor to a greater or less extent? for the inheritance of wealth is very small in any country, and only the gifted can find employment in subduing and controlling the powers of nature that lie around them. What have they learned in the schools that can help them? Even many of the gifted have no means of devoting themselves to the intellectual labor they are well fitted to perform, and being wholly uneducated in any industrial pursuit, prove a burden on society as well as upon themselves. It is true they are not so hopelessly burdensome to themselves or to others as the former class, as they may yet find a sphere of action at home or abroad. It is for the former class, neither fit for intellectual work nor any other that society is especially anxious; for these, the girls especially, rapidly deteriorate in a moral point of

view and become the pests of society. To return to their uncultivated homes and resume uncongenial labors, is not to be thought of by those who have been on an equality at school with children of the more favored classes of society. The latter now turn to them a cold shoulder, for their families do not move in the same sphere. Is it strange they should look ashamed at manual labors that these companions do not share? that they even despise the needle which they have not been taught to use, and which they see is not wielded except in a little fancy work by their more favored school-fellows? Is it strange that they crave the same amusements, and wish for the same fine clothing as they? It has never been inculcated upon them at school that labor is honorable. They have never been instructed there to use their hands in any useful way. The competition has been for marks and places earned by lessons, but the connection between these lessons and the uses of life have never been pointed out. In fact, the saddest degradation awaits them, and the evil has become such a crying one, that the women of the land are taking measures to meet and to stem it. They see that the difficulty anticipated by the alarmists who broke up the successful Boston high school thirty years ago, is the least of the evils that have come out of this partial education of the common schools, this mere book-learning without practical application. It is true that the native American people have for the most part long since dropped out of household service, leaving it to foreigners, who come into it without the first idea of thrifty or skilled housekeeping. To restore this profession, as we may call it, to the respectable place it had in early times among us, and which it deserves in the estimation of society, suggests itself as the first remedy, but how is it to be done?

A benevolent lady of Boston, who fortunately has wealth at her command, and can therefore act independently, and whom this very wealth stimulated to look around her for opportunities of using it for the benefit of others less favored, began an individual effort by placing a superior woman, at her own expense, in one of the public schools, in order to introduce into it the first most necessary branch of industrial training—sewing—which has fallen into disuse even in the primary schools. Her wish was to prove the practicability and utility of the movement by one well-ordered experiment. It was eminently successful. The committee granted one hour in the week only, but the excellent woman who undertook it invited the pupils to come to her own home in their leisure hours to profit the

more by her instructions. During the years of the war, the children of that one school made more than 1500 garments for the soldiers. This success led to still farther efforts. Many children were found in the school who had no acknowledged parentage—children who had been placed with nurses and were after a time abandoned and never reclaimed. Often they were delicate in constitution and nervously susceptible. Probably they never had even the same fostering care as the children of the nurses to whom they had been intrusted, and no family life was open to them. As they grew older, their fate was left in their own hands, and they were subject to become the prey of the spoiler. In reference to this special class, the lady in question saw that special action was needed. She placed the able woman she had employed, and who had called her attention to this want, in a house which she bought and furnished for the purpose. The teacher who had been in the habit of inviting the children of the school to her own home, had boarded with friends who were kind, sympathizing and accommodating, but it became a great tax in a private house, so continually did the numbers of these little visitors increase. A special house for the purpose had therefore grown to be a demand, and this, too, has been a successful experiment. Several orphans were placed under Mrs. Gilson's care as residents, and these, with the assistance of those invited from the school in their leisure hours, have been taught to do the work of the house, to complete its furnishing by their handiwork in making quilts, comforters, and rag mats, tidies, and even picture frames; and when sufficiently trained, the inmates, as well as many others, have been gladly received into families, to which they have proved a great blessing, and where they have commanded high wages by their manner of performing their duties and by their care of children. A procession of such girls has passed through that abode of peace and love, which they are invited ever after to consider as their home in days and hours of recreation. The children of the poor have been welcomed to be taught the care of the sick at home, and are allowed to bring their materials and learn to make them into nutritious drinks and soups, and to ask information in difficult circumstances. The principle that has always been inculcated is, that the occupation of the household service is a high instead of a low one; that upon the way it is administered depends in a great measure the happiness of families and the good of children, so fearfully sacrificed by the ordinary run of domestics; and that a faithful discharge

of such duties insures them the friendship and esteem of those who know that no money can pay for such heart service. If any children are found that have special talents for any occupations, money, here happily at command, is not spared to insure them thorough special instruction. In this way, artistic talent has been fostered. In all the ordinary instruction in sewing, the making of quilts and comforters, the ornamenting of aprons and sacques, the knitting and crocheting, taste in the use of colors and forms of beauty is carefully cultivated, at once elevating the occupation to a fine art. The effect of all these influences upon manners is a gentle refinement, which strikes the visitor very powerfully. The children are also encouraged to give away what they make to those who are needy, and at this house have been made all the shirts for the Reform School, lately established at West Newton.

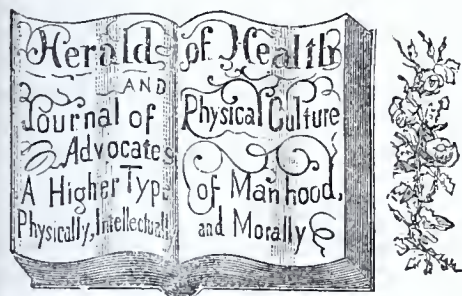
This is an illustration of what can be done under the most favorable circumstances, and such houses can be multiplied by combining the means of several persons, for one such house in the city of Boston—how inadequate to the crying want of the times! I could tell you of a still more wonderful result of efforts made under the most unfavorable circumstances, by an individual whose resources were drawn out of her own heart. But I must reserve that for another time. What I have already described will serve as an argument in support of the point I now wish to dwell upon, which is, that our public system could be so improved as to strike at the very root of the evils now so palpable to those who look deeper than the surface, and have come to the conclusion that mere charity, however profuse, can not reach the difficulty. It can only be reached by systematic, universal, industrial education in the very schools in question. Every individual must be taught to provide for himself by the harmonious cultivation of all the powers.

Mr. Wm. T. Atkinson, of the Boston Institute of Technology, who has written so ably upon the need of scientific culture, not in opposition to, but side by side with classic culture, gave some account, on a late public occasion, of the *half-time* schools that grew out of a necessity in England. It was impossible for the poor to let their children pass all their days at school. They needed their assistance, and the consequence was such irregularity of attendance that the instruction was of little use. A plan was formed of having them spend a few hours in school instead of all day. This insured attendance, and it was found, moreover, that such

pupils made more rapid progress in intellectual education than those who actually went all day. This is leading to radical changes in the school system for all classes, not only in England but in Germany, where the same thing was tried with the same results, and where the whole public school system is undergoing modification in consequence. It remains for us to do the same. It is plain that one-half the nature and powers of children have been uncultivated by our system of lessening, with marks and prizes as the goal instead of excellence, and that when the school-life is ended, the pupils are not only incapable of practical action, but partially developed, even intellectually, from want of harmonious culture. If the art of housekeeping, which in some aspects is a divine act, can not be taught in the school, a thousand handicrafts can be, beside plain sewing; the artistic powers can be brought out by drawing and modeling, and by tasteful fancy work. It has been ordained of late in Massachusetts, that there shall be free drawing taught in every town that has a certain number of inhabitants, and this is a good beginning, but the plan of industrial training to be really efficient and to reach all who need it, must be thought out upon a large scale and applied to pupils of every class. We hear as loud complaints from the idle and frivolous girls of well-to-do families of having *nothing to do*, as from any less-favored class. When labor becomes skilled labor, it becomes ennobling and attractive, because it taxes the intellectual as well as the physical forces. Almost all labor may become artistic in its character. From the carpenter grows the architect, if science and taste are applied to the occupations. Some of our best sculptors began life as stone-cutters, and knew not the cunning that was in their hands, till they held the chisel and found they could make their imaginations create beauty out of the hard rock. The most gifted artificers of porcelain were at first rude potters of clay. There is a story of one who wandered aimlessly about in his youth, unable to fix his mind upon any occupation, till he saw some beautiful samples of porcelain ware and learned that they were fabricated out of clay. He never rested till he had learned the art, in which he became distinguished. Some of our native landscape painters, who have attained excellence, were men before they discovered their own talent. I have in my mind one especially who had a natural eye for color, but he had never had an opportunity to learn to draw, and could only do it ever after with color. If he had been skillfully trained, like Allston, one knows not to

what eminence he might have attained. So of Harding and Healy, both distinguished in their profession. Many a young man and woman might find themselves able draughtsmen, an occupation which commands large compensation, if in childhood the opportunity had been offered of learning to draw. Our schools of design take adult pupils, but all the practice of early years is lost by not having daily instruction. So all the varieties of needle-work, embroidery, lace work, tapestry work in crewels and flosses, knitting, netting, crocheting, have been invented in the course of time by those who have been taught the first principles of these arts. The savages of the Pacific Islands, wholly uncultured as they are, show much native talent in weaving symmetrical patterns and borders for the mats they braid out of the leaves of trees cut into strips, and dyed in various colors with the juices of fruits. One feels sure, in looking at these complicated patterns, which require much calculation, that the talent that wove them might have made their possessors distinguished mathematicians, if the opportunity had ever been given them. Many of them have gone so far, even in their savage state, as to construct machinery to save themselves labor in manufacturing products out of these leaves of trees and the fibers of other plants, usually braided with the fingers and sewed with bone needles. Doubtless the artistic interest of accomplishing these works is as great in proportion to the success, as the enjoyment of Michel Angelo in his creations. Beautify labor, and it becomes artistic. Let a religious or a benevolent sentiment inspire it, and it becomes the highest art. Every common utensil of life was an article of beauty in form and ornamentation among the Greeks, in whom the spirit of art seemed to be a native growth, but was in the highest expression the product of talent and culture combined. The principles of agriculture applied to flowers becomes horticulture and landscape gardening. The hanging gardens of Eastern palaces were prodigies of art, and yet how simple the primitive forms! natural growths, combined by taste and science. The intense activity of our people will employ itself in something. It will run riot if not cultivated, and degenerate into the coarsest form of personal enjoyment—love of dress and display, unembellished by taste or sentiment. Once cultivate the powers to their highest uses, and labor will become sanctified, as it was with the ancient guilds that wrought the wonders of architecture in the form of temples of worship, and all will labor for the good of each, if under the guidance of elevated minds.

EDITORIAL DÉPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—On the first day of each dawning year, it is the custom of nearly all civilized men and women throughout the world, to address each other in salutations of smiling cheer and of good wishing. This is a beautiful custom. The earth would be a sad old home to us without such recurring occasions for gleeful and kindly communications. Yet beautiful as this glad custom is, it would be still more beautiful if the words in which its import is conveyed were not so often contradicted by the acts with which it is accompanied. A young gentleman enters the elegant drawing-room to make his New Year's call. The ladies, with ruby lips and bright eyes, smile their greet-

ing; and wishing a "Happy New Year" they proffer to him the wine glass, and give their enchanting sanction to a habit which will almost certainly make the new year a most unhappy one to the object of their hospitality.

This fashionable way of making the new year happy reminds us, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, of a little story. An order was sent not long since to a Chicago bookseller, which, among other things, called for "6 Primitive Christianity." The order was sent back with the response penciled opposite that item, and not at all in jest: "No Primitive Christianity to be found in Chicago." So when we think of all the beautiful dames and damsels who, on this festive season, will wish young men a "Happy New Year," and then stimulate a fatal tendency to a ruinous and dreadful passion, we are inclined to say, "No Happy New Year to be found in this way of wishing it!" This part of our editorial compliments, therefore, the many ladies whom we number among our readers, will please to consider as meant especially for themselves. Oh, fair and gentlo friends, do not in any mistaken obedience to fashion and superficial custom, permit yourselves to become allies of the Tempter!

Turn we, now, from addressing our New Year's salutation to the ladies, to the utterance of a single remark to those of our many readers who are young men. Brothers! if you have heretofore celebrated New Year's Day by assenting to the fashionable practice of sipping wine when it is offered to you on your calls, let us suggest the question whether you can afford to run the risk of beginning the year by toying with that syren habit? We remember a cartoon in Punch representing an English railway train as having just stopped at a station, and an old gentleman looking out of the window of his compartment in one of the cars, the door of which was fastened. A porter

stands by the door with his hand on the latch. The following conversation ensues:

Old Gent (waking up excitedly)—“Hi, porter! where does this train stop next?”

Porter—“Don’t stop any more, sir!”

Old Gent (excitedly)—“Not stop any more! Here, hi! Open the door! I’ll get out *here*!”

Young gentleman, we commend to you the valiant resolution of the Old Gent on that occasion. In permitting yourselves to get aristocratically drunk on New Year’s Day, you are gradually becoming a passenger on a train which, like that one in Punch, “don’t stop any more.” With reference to riding any further on this dangerous train, we earnestly advise you to say, at the opening of this newly-given year, “Here, hi! Open the door! I’ll get out *here*!”

It may be that these words will meet the eyes of some young men who will be led by what we are saying to reconsider the whole subject of New Year’s etiquette, and to act upon our suggestion. We do not flatter ourself that all will do so, however. We know the force of fashion. Many young men will reply to what we have said above, that “to refuse wine would not be genteel.” Yes, even that butterfly view of the case will be prevalent with some. These young fellows remind us of St. Beuve, the great French critic, whose recent death has been so eloquently and tenderly mourned in Europe and in America, and who, it is said, was but once engaged in a duel. On that occasion it rained, and St. Beuve insisted upon hoisting an umbrella, declaring that while he had no objection to be killed, he would not permit himself to get wet. In a spirit quite as reckless, though far less witty as this, we suspect that many a young gentleman will say, as he starts on his round of New Year’s calls, “I have no objection to be a drunkard, but I will not permit myself to be un-genteel!”

We have felt it to be our duty to mingle with our “compliments of the season” a certain modicum of moralizing. Yet, though our moralizing has been earnest, it has not been, we

think, in a very lugubrious strain. We are not aware that sermons are improved by being delivered with a long face. With the utmost fervor of friendship, we now salute all our readers at the opening of this next chapter in the great book of our lives, and we wish them all a “Happy New Year.” Yet we are very sure that *their* year will not be made happy simply by *our* wishing it to be so.

Much of the happiness of the time before us depends upon ourselves.

There are some elements of the problem that are, of course, beyond our management; yet the principal ones we can control. Certainly, the coming year will *not* be a happy one to us in spite of all benedictions, unless we obey the laws of existence. Health must be ours; and in most cases, health is within our reach. Let us not be so frantically and artificially happy on the first day of the year, that we must be *glum* all the rest of the time. Cheerfulness, moderation, purity, intelligent deference to physical laws, kind feeling toward all creatures, reverence toward the Creator—these are the qualities largely within our own power of acquisition, and these are the qualities on which the happiness of the year largely depends.

There is now living in England a celebrated author who has reached a great age, but who is still as sunny, as merry, as hale, and as youthful as many a man of twenty-five. As we ponder the problem of a happy life, certain wise and beautiful sentences of this famous writer float into our memory and demand repetition here, among the “compliments of the season.” This is William Howitt’s recipe for having seventy-five Happy New Years. “For my part,” says he, “seeing the victims of fast life falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains, the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I can not, indeed, say, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors; for

I have had the constant attendance of those four famous ones—Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours!"

To William Howitt's four famous doctors we recommend all our readers to apply for advice on New Year's Day, and then to follow that advice during every succeeding day of the year. Then we are certain that the year will be happy, not only while it is a new year, but when it gets to be an old one, also!

To us, already, the New Year opens with every promise of happiness. *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* grows with the time. It seems to be younger and stronger as each year passes. Our prospects are bright. Our contributors, both old and new, are full of power. Our list of subscribers insists upon the privilege of continually growing large. And we devoutly say, Amen!

THE RICHARDSON MURDER — AFTER THOUGHTS.—Perhaps no murder within the present generation, has so deeply moved the feelings of the people of this city as the shooting of Albert D. Richardson by Mr. McFarland. It is not our purpose in this place to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of either side of the question. This the daily papers have done far beyond what they had any right to do. But there is one thought which is suggested by the sad affair, which, while it has not been, ought to be considered. Mrs. McFarland had left her husband; why? Because he drank; because he shamefully abused her, and made her life unhappy. This is one answer to the question. The other party deny these charges, and claim that Mrs. McFarland left her husband not because he was unkind to her, but because she did not love him, or loved another better. View it from which of these standpoints we will, we can not come to any other conclusion than this: that two persons had joined their hands in the sacred bonds of marriage who should never have done so. If he was a brutal husband, or if she did not love him, it matters not which, the parties made their first and great mistake in ever marrying at all, and this brings us to the thought that lies uppermost in our mind: that

there are too many ill-assorted marriages in this world of ours. People rush at each other without sense or judgment, become husband and wife, father and mother, and then, when separation brings pain, heart anguish, and disgrace on both parties and on innocent children, they apply for divorce. Marriage is not made half sacred enough. We ought to surround this institution with all that is tender and sweet, pure and good in human nature; and to do so, young people must think well before taking this important step of choosing a companion for life. There ought to be some science by which parties might know before-hand whether two persons can live together happily or not. As it now is, instinct, caprice, fancy, passion decides the question; or, if Reason undertakes to act, she has no really reliable data from which to decide. If our philosophers, or scientists, or moralists would put their heads together and discover the true law of marriage, this would do vastly more for their age and generation than they can do with spectral analyses, Ecumenical Councils, or enthusiastic studies of comets and eclipses.

WHO ARE OUR EDUCATORS?—It is claimed by many that women are the true educators of the young. So they are, but that women are their only educators is an error. They require both male and female teachers to give the best education. Some things women can teach better than men, and some things men can teach better than women. Language, for instance, can be taught best by women, oratory by men; mathematics can be taught as well or better by women as men, and so can botany and history, but physiology, geology, and logic are taught best by men. Take it all in all, the influence of the sexes on the young is about equal. The woman teaches gentleness, refinement, delicacy, intuition. The man logic, science, energy. None of these virtues are of much use without the other. Of what use is gentleness without energy, or logic without intuition, or science without delicacy and refinement? It is thought by some that delicacy is synonymous with weakness. It is not. Deli-

eacy and refinement are *powers* quite as valuable as any we can have, if coupled with those other powers that make the character complete. As it would be unfortunate for a young person to be instructed only by a man, so it would be equally so to be instructed only by a woman.

A PLEA FOR MONEY.—To preach a crusade indiscriminately against the universal desire and effort for the good things of the world, is to waste one's breath upon the empty air. Men will not listen to abstract arguments showing the folly of pursuing riches while they feel every hour the pressure of wants which money could supply, and the most eloquent sermon in praise of poverty provokes in our day but a sneer. Have we not learned that the desire to accumulate property is as truly a part of human nature, and plays as important a part in the progressive improvement of the species as the love of knowledge, the sentiment of duty, or the capacity for religion?

No want of man's nature can safely be neglected. The mind needs nothing so much as balance. The superstructure of personal character, to be symmetrical, should be built up on all sides at once. "The things the Gentiles seek after," meat, fire, and clothes, are as legitimate objects of pursuit as wisdom and virtue. To seek either to the neglect of the other betrays ignorance of the true conditions of well-being, and defeats the purpose for which life is given. Poverty is a condition which the wise man accepts only when forced upon him by inexorable necessity, or as the alternative of dishonor. He regards it a sore evil and burden, from which escape is to be sought by the use of all honorable means. Whatever may be said of the danger of riches, the dangers of poverty are a hundred-fold greater. A condition of physical want entailing habitual discomfort, if not settled discouragement and disease, is extremely unfavorable to the exercise of the higher functions of the mind and soul. The poor man is every hour beset with a thousand temptations which the rich never feels. If he is honest and sober, and humane, he deserves a word of praise.

If, in addition to these commonplace virtues, he maintains a serene and pious trust in divine Providence, his faith is great enough to remove mountains. For does it not require a strength of moral endeavor well-nigh angelic to keep the mind peaceful and pure, while the body is housed in a hovel, and meanly clad and fed? Nevertheless, this miracle is daily wrought out somewhere, through the power of religion. Still, if you or I, dear reader, under such conditions should try to live divinely we might miserably fail. Undoubtedly that was a wise prayer of the ancient prophet, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of the Lord in vain."

No man should settle down with contentment in a condition of poverty, so long as there is a possibility of honorable escape. No man or woman should be satisfied with working for a bare subsistence while there is the shadow of a chance to do better. It is a demoralizing condition to be in, even though one's work should be noble. It exposes him to the danger of some day becoming a burden to his friends, or to the community in which he may chance to live. However beautiful and appropriate Christ's precepts about living without care or thought for the morrow may have been for the genial climate and simple manners of ancient Judea, they are certainly very inconvenient, and must be considerably modified when applied to actual life in these high latitudes, and amidst the merciless competitions of our times. These, like certain other precepts of Christianity, are to be regarded as "counsel of perfection," to be treasured in the heart rather than an inflexible rule for the conduct of life at all times. They are always, indeed, to be acted upon in spirit, yet not without regard to the circumstances in which we are placed, and the relations we sustain to others.

While, therefore, people will not heed, and ought not to heed the teaching which represents all objects as unworthy of pursuit which are not purely spiritual or ideal, they are generally

open to that sort of instruction which, while it recognizes and honors every part of human nature as divinely created, aims only to repress those tendencies which are excessive. And few there are who will not readily admit that mankind, through the weakness of their moral desires and intellectual aspirations, are liable to neglect the permanent spiritual interests of existence in their absorbing pursuit of those forms of good which perish with the using.

The relative importance of wealth increases with each successive generation. For human life, as the race progresses in knowledge and general culture, is continually growing more rich in opportunities and enjoyments. Money is the grand instrument through which one is to be put in possession of these. Its value, therefore, never was so great as at the present time. With a given sum of money a man can surround himself with ampler means of enjoyment, secure a more varied and nobler culture, or set in motion grander schemes of usefulness than at any preceding period in the world's history. Correspondingly, never was the lack of money so heavily felt as by those of the present generation. Never was poverty so hard to bear and attended by so few compensations as now.

These remarks apply to life in all enlightened countries, but they have a special significance taken in connection with the peculiar conditions of social life here in the New World. Under our system of free government, aided no doubt by the vast area and marvelous richness of our national territory, the active powers of man are unfolding to a degree of breadth and intensity hitherto unattained. No field of enterprise or adventure which our countrymen do not boldly invade; no triumphs of art, no flights of invention, no conquests of mind over matter, which they do not attempt or hope to achieve. Nowhere else on the face of the globe is life so rich in possibilities as here in republican America. Nowhere else is money so much needed, to seize upon and work up the opportunities that are continually presented to private and public enterprise.

It would not, therefore, be strange if, under

the pressure of constant temptation, the appetite for gain should have grown to be unduly active and influential in the minds of our countrymen. It would not be strange if our best endeavors should appear to have run into an excessive and feverish pursuit of the *means* of living. And in fact, is not this, in the main, a just characterization of our social life? Practically, is it not regarded as the grand function of the American citizen to make and to spend money? Have our people, as a general rule, any higher or ulterior purpose in living? And yet it remains for ever true, that life is more than the means by which it is sustained—more than food, raiment, dwellings, lands, merchandise, stocks, bonds, dividends. All things are for the mind, and if this nobler part come not to honor, dignity, and self-possession, the most royal furnishings only serve to set forth, by contrast, its deep poverty and servitude.

DECAY OF FAITH.—The Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter for November 6 publishes an editorial upon Vague Therapeutics, which is full of meaning. It declares that the "decay of faith in drugs has had a disastrous effect on the profession, as well as on the patient. It has led students to disregard Therapeutics and Materia Medica in favor of diagnosis and do-nothingism, which latter soon brings on know-nothingism. The divorce of Pharmacy from Medicine—a most disastrous separation for both arts—led to an ignorance of drugs, and this ignorance has naturally brought about a disuse of them."

The fact which gives sadness to the Editor of The Reporter fills us with delight. The people may rest assured that the regular practitioner would never give up his faith in drugs, did he not daily discover in practice their inefficiency. We meet every day regular practitioners who tell us frankly they give little medicine, and would give none if their patients would be satisfied. We see patients constantly who have put their faith in drugs till their bodies were walking apothecary shops, and they showed evidence in their persons that they

had a perfect right to lose their faith in the medicines that made them worse. The truth is, the people are gaining knowledge, and their knowledge is making them free.

We are confident that the writer of the article referred to can not show any disastrous results from the decay of faith of which he mourns. Faith in drugs prevents faith in Nature and Hygiene, and good care, and we regard the latter as of greater worth than all the drugs in the world.

SOME ERRORS CORRECTED. — LETTER FROM DR. F. R. LEES.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF HEALTH—*Dear Sir:* In perusing some numbers of your periodical I noted errors that seem worth correcting. The passage on "Oatmeal," page 38, attributed to Dr. Letherly, belongs to Dr. *Lethby* of London. At page 25, column 2, "oppression" is put for "expression." At page 66, in article on the "Grape Cure," an idea of fanciful Dr. Curchod's is reproduced, having been previously adopted, page 29—the notion that the products of digestion are *similar* to the products of vinous fermentation. The contrary is the case. Nor is it true, as stated at page 28, column 1, that the elements of *glucose* are "distributed from the lungs" through the *circulatory system*. The glucose is decomposed in the capillaries, not at the lungs, whose function is simply to take in oxygen and eliminate carbonic acid. The lungs are not, like a *stove* whose fuel is burnt, *hotter* than the pipes which distribute the heat. It is, besides, a partial reproduction of Prof. Johnstone's ignorance, who represents carbonic acid as a *necessity* of the system, instead of the *expulsion* of it! For the decomposed *elements* of glucose—of which carbonic acid is one—are not distributed *into* the system, but expelled *from* it.

To say that the change of grape juice in the system is "*similar* to the process of fermentation by which must becomes wine," is simply ridiculous or misleading.

In that last process albumen *rots* and becomes yeast (which is *incapable* of assimilation), and

sugar becomes *alcohol* and *carbonic acid*; but the albumen of grape juice in the body becomes the albumen of the blood, and the *tissue* of the body itself; while the sugar never changes in the system into alcohol or any of its peculiar derivatives—whatever Mr. Evans may affirm, or Dr. Curchod may fancy.

I have frequently visited wine countries—Vevay included—and I have seen *much* drinking and drunkenness; and have found that there, as here, *most* of the crime, lunacy and pauperism, results from the use of wine and *eau de vie*. Not *so* much perhaps as here, because the people have not the means of buying so much. The temptations to drinking do nothing but harm; and when I was last in those parts, I observed that a tale expanding the evils of drinking was running, by chapters, through the most popular papers. Stern *statistics* show the greatness of the evil, even in Switzerland; and in several cantons they have adopted a permissive prohibitory law—a fact which is more significant than any Traveler's Tale.

F. R. LEES.

EVENING SOCIABLES AT No. 15 LAIGHT STREET.—The proprietors of the Hygienic Institute, have inaugurated for the benefit of their guests and patients a series of entertainments for the present winter evenings, which have so far been well received and popular.

The first was a lecture on Physiology, by Mrs. D. Lyman of New York, to which was added Elocutionary Exercises, by Prof. Lyman. Both are well known to the public as lecturers. Mrs. Lyman is doing a good work in the city this winter by her lectures to ladies, which are both popular and interesting.

James T. Clark, the poet, composer, and sweet singer, sung for us one evening, greatly to the delight of all our guests.

Mrs. Anna Randall, one of our most popular readers and teachers of education, has also given us an evening of great pleasure, and we hope to listen to her again during the winter.

Others have promised to help us in making life pleasant here, of which mention will be made hereafter.

We will mention in this connection, that our parlors have been improved by the addition of one of Bradbury's best pianos, the music of which helps to make time enjoyable and our friends happy.

THE GOSPEL OF THE GALLOWS.—In the early autumn of 1869, a murder unusually tragical and pathetic was committed in the city of Detroit. The whole town fairly rocked with excitement. Threats of lynching were made, and a great crowd assembled around the jail by night, as if with the purpose of taking out the murderer and suspending him from the lamp-post. In the midst of this popular frenzy, one of the Orthodox clergymen of the city preached a sermon in favor of hanging, having previously announced, through the papers, his purpose so to do. It seemed to the good man that the public mind, being aroused to an abnormal condition of rage and vindictiveness, were in a fit state to receive a fresh installment of the Gospel of the Gallows. The sermon was neither very bright nor very able; but as there were inflammable materials lying all about, it did not take much of a spark to make quite a blaze. From that time almost to the present, an active discussion in Michigan has been going forward, partly in the pulpit and partly in the press, upon the whole subject of capital punishment; a discussion into which we notice that some papers, even in New York, have been drawn.

This discussion has many practical issues in Michigan, and elsewhere. It is of great interest to the people of that State, because twenty-three years ago its Legislature decreed the abolition of the death penalty; and an attempt is occasionally made by a few kind souls, hankering after the old Jewish regime of blood for blood, to revoke that enlightened action. The discussion is of great interest in other States, either for a similar reason, or because there is a growing desire to remove from the statute books this barbarous edict of death.

For twenty-three years its people have lived without the protection of the gallows. Have any frightful consequences followed? Has life

been more insecure? Has the State become the paradise of assassins? Does murder riot and revel there under the hope of impunity? Quite the contrary. Its criminal register will compare favorably with that of any other community in the world. Life is environed there by no peculiar perils. As one of its Ex-Governors has recently stated, "for almost an entire generation of men has this State refused to shed human blood; and has proved to the world, by noble example, *the safety of humanity in law!*"

For our part, we think that they make a great mistake who deny the right of society to protect itself by taking away life. The safety of society is the supreme law. Society has a right to make war, to take property, liberty, life, or whatever else may stand in the way of its security. To deny this for the sake of doing away with capital punishment, is to take untenable ground. It is bad generalship, for it fights the battle on the worst field. The argument against the death penalty is strong enough without the help of this position, even if it were a good one.

Granting, then, that the State may inflict the death penalty, if it be expedient, we have next to inquire, *Is it expedient?*

We say No, for the comprehensive reason that all the ends of society can be better secured without it.

That sentence, of course, involves all the points at issue. Over that sentence the battle must be fought.

Let us examine a few of its principal points:

1. The ends of society can not be secured—that is, society itself could not be held together unless it satisfied, on the whole, in its treatment of criminals, the sense of retributive justice implanted in our natures. That is a legitimate instinct that tells us that a wrong-doer ought to be punished. It will not do to dispose of this by calling it the spirit of revenge. It is the spirit of justice; and men will not long agree to live together in society unless in the legal conduct of society this spirit is satisfied. If the infliction of punishment is obviously inadequate, or obviously excessive; in either case,

society itself is endangered. If a criminal be over-punished, society is demoralized by having its indignation turned into sympathy. Now, in the present development of human nature, this is precisely what is done in the vast majority of cases in which the death penalty is inflicted.

Frederick Robertson has said, "I feel persuaded that society is fast approaching to a state in which it will be perilous to the morals of the community to retain the practice much longer. Symptoms of disgust and sympathy are beginning to be manifested so generally, that it is only in atrocious cases, where a feeling of revenge for a horrible cruelty satisfies itself with the criminal's death, that deep murmurs of dissatisfaction can be suppressed."

On the other hand, while the death penalty outrages the sense of justice, by exceeding it; imprisonment for life, at hard labor or in solitary confinement, is felt to be so terrible a punishment as not to fall below the requirement of justice.

2. As society can not be held together unless it satisfies the general sense of justice, neither can it be held together unless it satisfies the general sense of security. If the units of whom civilization is composed do not feel that they are protected by association they will fly asunder; each man will be his own protector; thus civilization will dissolve into savagery. If the death penalty be necessary to this sense of security, let the death penalty be inflicted. But it is not necessary. Experience amply shows that it is not necessary. If life were insecure in Michigan immigration to that State would cease, while many of its actual inhabitants would flee from it as a place of danger. But how is it? No human being, we venture to assert, ever gave up the plan of removing to Michigan because capital punishment does not exist there. Its population has increased with amazing rapidity since 1846. One ounce of fact is worth a hundred pounds of theory. The theorist declares that capital punishment is necessary to the sense of security, but the case of Michigan alone disproves the statement. When on a journey westward, do you feel any more secure from murder on the Great Western

Railway in Canada, where they hang, than on the Michigan Central, where they do not hang?

Imprisonment for life is sufficient to deter from murder any man who would be deterred by any consideration whatever, while it proves an even greater safeguard than capital punishment, because the prevention of crimes depends more upon the certainty of punishment than upon its severity. On this point an ancient jurist of Michigan has made the following statements: "Before the offender can be hanged he must be convicted. Under the humane statute of Michigan conviction is quite easy, since opportunity is left for the correction of errors and mistakes. Jurors are not put under the painful apprehension that if they should chance to misjudge, as all men are liable to do, an innocent man might be sent to the gallows, and a piece of cruelty enacted that should move the pity of both men and angels. Under the laws which denounce death against the criminal, however, the case is very different, and convictions are hard to be obtained.

When the juror knows that his verdict of guilty means death to the culprit, he will hesitate long before he renders it. The plea of insanity has become most common and formidable in capital cases, for the reason that the question of soundness of mind is always one of great difficulty, and the law gives the benefit of the doubt to the defendant. But this formidable plea has ceased to avail any thing in Michigan, except when it can be clearly made out. The courts and juries feel that if they are mistaken, the future will develop the fact and the accused will not be beyond the reach of hope.

The probability of conviction in a case for murder in our State, as compared with those States where the death penalty exists, are more than five to one."

But in our opinion, there is under this head another consideration still more convincing: it is for the law to set the example of the sacredness of human life. Say what we will hanging, whether justifiable or not, is a spectacle of desecration. The illustrious English

statesman, John Bright, has put this thought into noble expression : "Barbarism in the law promotes barbarism among those subject to the law; and acts of cruelty under the law become examples of similar acts of cruelty, done contrary to the law. *The real security for human life is to be found in reverence for it.* If the law regarded it as inviolable, then the people would begin also so to regard it. A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions, as the prevention of murder."

Let society inspire all its members with this hallowing sentiment, by showing, in its most august and terrible functions, how great and good a thing it is to revere

"the breath we hold with human kind,
And look upon the dust of man with awe."

PUDDINGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.—

Mrs. Dr. L. A. Jenkins, who has given us so many valuable recipes for healthful food, sends the following on puddings :

FIG PUDDING.

Take half a pound of best figs, washed and chopped fine, two tea-cups of grated bread, half a cup of sweet cream, half a cup of white sugar, and one cup of new milk. Mix the bread and cream, add the figs, then the sugar, and, lastly, the milk. Pour the mixture into a mold, and boil four hours.

Eat with a liquid sauce.

APPLE CUSTARD.

Peel, quarter, and bake rich tart apples, or stew them slowly in a very little water; fill a pudding-dish two-thirds full. When cold, pour over a custard made by stirring into a quart of boiling milk a table-spoonful of flour wet up with a little milk, two spoonfuls of white sugar, and two eggs. Flavor with lemon. Bake in a quick oven.

To be eaten cold.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

Seak a tea-cup full of tapioca in three and a half cups of boiling water, and two spoonfuls of white sugar. Keep it in a warm place for three

hours. Fill a two-quart pudding-dish three-fourths full of rich, ripe tart apples, peeled and quartered. Pour the tapioca over the apples and add half a tea-cup of cold milk to brown the tapioca. Bake one hour.

SAGO PUDDING.

Pick over and wash a tea-cup full of sago; pour on nearly a quart of boiling water; add a half tea-cup of sugar, and a little milk, if preferred, to brown. When cold, pour it over the apples, or mix the two together in a pudding-dish and bake an hour. Cover the dish the last half hour.

FARINA PUDDING.

Sprinkle two-thirds of a tea-cup full of farina slowly, into a quart of boiling water; add half a cup of white sugar, and a cup of milk. Mix thoroughly, and pour it into a pudding-dish, in which a quart and a half of nice tart apples, peeled and quartered, have been put.

Or, mix the apples and farina together. Two tea-cups full of pitted raisins, previously stewed, may be substituted for the apples. Bake one hour.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING.

Pick over and wash a tea-cup full of best rice. Steam it, until tender, in two cups of cold water; spread it over a quart or three pints of good ripe apples, quartered; pour over one or two cups of milk, if preferred, or omit the milk and add a little water to the apples. Half a cup of white sugar may be sprinkled over the apples, or sugar may be added at the table, if preferred.

To an unperverted appetite, this and several of these puddings will relish without the sugar, or indeed the milk, if carefully baked, and if rich apples are used.

A good rice pudding is made by stirring two cups of pitted and stewed raisins into the steamed rice, milk and sugar, and baked an hour.

BLANC MANGE AND FRUIT PUDDING.

Boil for a few moments six spoonfuls of dissolved corn-starch in a quart of boiling water.

Pour it immediately over a quart of ripe peaches, previously peeled and quartered and placed in a dish with sugar sprinkled over them.

To be eaten cold.

Instead of peaches, mellow pears or apples, or stewed quinces, ripe plums or cherries, or marmalade or jam may be used.

Instead of the corn-starch, five spoonfuls of fine flour, or, still better, graham flour, with or without an egg, may be substituted.

RICE PUDDING.

Wash thoroughly a tea-cup full of best rice, add half a cup of white sugar, a quart of water, and the same of milk. Bake slowly four hours, stirring occasionally, except the last hour. A cup of raisins is an improvement.

HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF DOGS.—LETTER FROM DR. DIO LEWIS.—“DR. HOLBROOK—*Dear Friend:* You will remember Pennie and Jessie, our pet dogs. They are well, thank you, and Jessie lies in my lap while I write this note. Never have I met among my human friends such untiring devotion as these little friends have lavished upon me. (An Express receipt lying on my table is ornamented with the picture of a dog, to give the Company's highest idea of fidelity.) What can be the reason for the general dislike of dogs? Why are scamps spoken of as “lying dogs,” when the dog is the highest expression of truth?

When we recall that wherever we find the skeleton of the primitive man, in the old caves, we find lying beside it the skeleton of a dog, his faithful companion in life and death; when we recall the important contributions the dog has made to civilization; when we observe the constant proofs of his unflinching devotion seen on every hand, the common contempt seems strange and hard.

Numerous utilitarian skinflints propose to kill the dogs, because a few sheep have been killed by them. For my part, I had rather have one good dog than half-a-dozen sheep. The sheep help to keep our bodies warm, but higher than this service, the dogs keep our hearts warm. If

there were not room for both, and we were obliged to choose between enjoying dogs and freezing to death for lack of wool, I would join the dog-killing party; but no such alternative exists. The sheep killing has been made the excuse for giving vent to an existing hatred toward these poor creatures. I give notice that I shall defend my dogs when the killers come.

But what I had in mind to say when I took up my pen was, that we cruelly torture these speechless creatures by failing to provide them with water. A part of the year we, in Boston, provide dogs with abundant supplies, in a very simple, Christian way, at the drinking fountains, but during all the residue of the year we give them not a drop. With opportunity, a dog will drink five to ten times a day even during winter, but there are thousands that get no water for days, and even weeks, when the outside supplies are frozen up. And I may add, thousands die of the fever which a long protracted, torturing thirst produces.

In our house we have a bowl, always filled fresh every morning, so placed that our dogs have easy access to it. And although they are very small they consume a pint a day.

Feeding them once a day only, upon good beef or mutton, and never neglecting the water supplies, they have not had a sick hour during the year.

On behalf of civilization, a man could hardly be engaged in a more Christian work than multiplying fine dogs. Loving, perpetual babies, they are a well-spring of joy to the Christian home.

Not only have the sweetest poets striven to respond to the love of the dog; not only have these faithful ones striven in their dumb, patient way to teach us the lessons of love and faith; not only do they embody some of the noblest sentiments of the human soul, but in that beautiful future, they will enjoy with us the peace and rest which the good Father holds in reserve for truthful, loving, harmonious souls.

DIO. LEWIS.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 5, 1869.

How to Treat the Sick.

CHOLERA INFANTUM AND DYSENTERY.—

Dr. A. G. Humphrey of the Western Health Institute, Galesburg, Ill., sends us the following case which recently came under his care. It was of a child ten months old.

The child was attacked with cholera infantum, September 15, 1869. The village doctor was called, and the little sufferer was drugged for a week with no good results. Then an older physician was sent for, who changed the medicine, but thought the diarrhea could not be stopped until cold weather.

The combined skill of both doctors did not check the disease. At the end of two weeks dysentery set in, the child having bloody mucus discharges every hour; this continued for more than a week, when dark bloody passages began to appear. The old doctor at this stage prescribed a new remedy, consisting of limo water and milk, a quart to be given every day, in addition to the powder every hour, and nursing every two hours. The little sufferer, with more instinctive wisdom than the doctor possessed, persistently refused to take even a tea-spoonful. A few days later and fresh red blood passed in great quantities of half a tea-spoonful every hour.

The young doctor now said something must be done immediately, and hastened to his laboratory to prepare the curative (deadly) dose.

Meantime, the friends were consulting with reference to a change of doctors, and decided to send for a Hygienic physician.

I arrived at 3 o'clock on Friday morning, the fourth week of the child's sickness. Found it having the red bloody discharges, occasionally mixed with dark bloody mucus; terribly collapsed state of the bowels; its mouth and teeth were turned black, and all over the abdomen and ribs the skin was turned to a dark purple hue, as though mortification was taking place; the respiration was exceedingly labored, causing a desperate reaching of the head for every breath she

drew, and had been constantly moving for three weeks.

I commenced treatment with very little hope of saving the child. Gave small cool injections, and gave fomentations over the entire front part of the body, followed by cool applications. Took her in my arms and carried her gently in a cool room, and soothed her most tenderly, with the softest sounds I could produce to induce sleep. In a few hours the hemorrhago was stopped, the respiration improved, and sleep more natural. She appeared to improve, in all respects, until the afternoon of the second day, when her respiration became suddenly labored, the eyes set, and the muscles relaxed. I considered her dying. In an instant, I gave her a fomentation across the diaphragm for ten minutes, followed by cool applications. This revived her a little, but soon she sank away again and respiration stopped. I quickly placed my hands upon her sides, and gently imitated respiratory motion. In a moment she gasped, caught her breath, and gradually recovered from the spell.

Each of the following days she had a similar paroxysm, passing through nearly all the phenomena of death; beginning with the long reaching of the head for the inspiration, and moving with the expiration, which grew shorter and shorter, until the chin only moved; the muscular contortions were as completely death-like as any I ever witnessed.

For five days and nights I gave constant personal attention to the apparently-dying child. Of the many little things I did, every application was observed, by all who witnessed the treatment, to have always an immediate good effect.

On the morning of the fifth day of my treatment, strong hopes were entertained of her recovery. From the first of my care of the case, not a drop of any thing passed its lips except pure water and a little of its mother's milk, once in four hours, regularly.

The fifth day she was carried in the open air, and each day afterward she was placed in her cab and drawn on a south verandah three to four hours, at intervals of half an hour to an hour and a half each.

The parents and friends feel as though this little one was handed back to them from the very verge of the grave.

Thanks to the incomparable superiority of the Hygienic over all the other medical systems of the world.

Let THE HERALD OF HEALTH continue to disseminate a knowledge of the *true healing art*, until all learn this simple but effective system of relieving and curing all the diseases that afflict humanity.

TREATMENT OF ODOROUS FEET.—Many persons have feet which emit a very disagreeable odor, and do not know how to treat them. The cause generally lies in little ulcers between the toes, or a diseased condition of the skin, caused by the toes being pressed too closely together and deprived of air and light. In many cases the difficulty baffles all efforts to remove it, and remains for life. The best remedy for this condition is to go barefooted during a few months in summer, when the toes will spread, and the air and light will produce a healing effect. Where this is not practicable, the dry earth cure is nearly as good. Occasionally cover the surface between the toes with a coating of this dry earth. It will at once absorb the offensive odors, and then healthy granulations will take place, when a new skin will be formed and health result. Washing the feet in warm water, soap and water, etc., is not in this case sufficient, as this does not destroy the surface that secretes the poisonous matter which is so offensive. Still another good application, and one that at once destroys the odor, is an application of carbolic acid diluted in water.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.—The Medical Investigator calls the following a Homœopathic prescription.

A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was affected. "In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?" "For that, Madam, you should take air and exercise." "And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at night-time and am afraid to be alone. What shall I take for that?" "For that I can only recommend that you take a husband." "Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?" "For that, Madam, you have, besides taking the air and the husband, to take a newspaper."

TRAVELING WITH CHILDREN.—Children will bear the fatigues of a journey quite as well as grown people, if they are properly cared for. In the first place, do not try to keep them too still. Their little bodies are all life and motion, and repose while awake is impossible. It will weary a three-year-old child more to keep still an hour than it would to play half a day. A worse practice still is giving children cakes and candies while on a journey. Plain, wholesome fare at regular intervals is all-sufficient. A moderate allowance of good fruit is well. The constant gormandizing of children with cake, candy, and fine food is almost certain to result in fever and irritability, and sometimes in death.

COLLEGE STUDENTS AND TOBACCO.—A large number of the students of all colleges use tobacco. Their education does not go deep enough to prevent it. In Oberlin, Ohio, however, it is said the students do not use it. The reason for this strange conduct on their part is said to be because there are so many lady students in the institution. If so, here is another strong argument in favor of educating the sexes together.

A VALUABLE CIRCULAR.—See valuable circular of Hygienic Institute and Book Circular bound with this number.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

Treatment of Whooping Cough.

—"Will you please state through THE HERALD what is the proper treatment for whooping cough? It is the prevailing disease among children here, and if relief can be had from the violent paroxysms of coughing, 'twould be a decided blessing, both to the children and their mothers."

Mild cases of whooping cough and the first stage of more severe cases require treatment varying but little from what healthy children should receive. The diet should be plain and unstimulating, and great care be taken not to overload the stomach. The bowels must be kept free and regular by proper food when possible; when not, by water enemas. Engorged stomachs and constipated bowels greatly aggravate the severity and danger of this disease. Only pure, soft water should be allowed for drink, and that may be taken freely, except at and soon after meals, with good results. As much out-door exercise as possible, short of fa-

the invigoration of the system, and improvement of the general health.

In severe cases, attended with fever, pain, heat, and soreness in the chest, difficult breathing, and severe paroxysms of coughing, the treatment must be adapted to the existing conditions. The fever may be allayed by the wet-sheet pack, or by tepid spongings of the body, repeated until the fever is reduced. Care must be taken to keep the feet warm. Where there is pain, heat, and soreness in the chest, cloths wet in cold water should be applied to the chest and rewet as often as they become thoroughly warm; or a jacket made of two or three thick-

nesses of linen, or heavy cotton cloth, and covering the whole chest, may be wet and worn as above, rewetting as often as it becomes warm. In cold weather there should be enough flannel worn over it to keep up a comfortable degree of warmth. To relieve the paroxysms, drink freely of warm water, to the extent of producing vomiting, if necessary.

Treatment of Burns and Scalds.

—"What is the proper Hygienic treatment of burns and scalds?"

If the burn or scald is a severe one, occasioning a general fever, it must be reduced by general bathing, suited to the conditions and strength of the patient. If the skin is not removed, all the local treatment necessary is to keep the part covered with soft, fine linen, wet with water, at a temperature most agreeable to the patient. When the skin is removed, some substance must be applied to keep the air from the exposed surface beneath, until the injury can be repaired. Fine, moist clay is one of the best materials for this purpose. If this can not be obtained, use a thin covering of fine flour, covered with a wet cloth. When it becomes loose, remove carefully, wash with warm water, and apply another coating of flour.

The discovery has recently been made in France, that covering the burned surface with varnish is a very successful mode of treatment. I have not had an opportunity of trying it, but the plan looks reasonable, and I should expect the greatest success from its use. I should be pleased to hear from any one who has tried it.

About Water Supply-Pipes.—"What

can I use as a water supply-pipe? Is gutta percha the best? How is galvanized iron? Is there not mischief in it, or in the zinc used to whiten it? Pure black tin is not to be had, for they will mix lead with it when the pipe is drawn, in order to make it more ductile. Is rain water, running through lead goose-necks from a roof, with sheet lead round the chimney (as is usually the case), preferable to well water as a drink?"

It yet remains for some one to achieve fame and fortune and confer an incalculable amount of good upon the race, by inventing water supply-pipes which shall possess the following re-

quisites: 1. Entire freedom from corrosion by any and all kinds of natural waters; 2. Exemption from the action of air and moisture and a moderate degree of heat; 3. Flexibility, strength and ease of joining; 4. Cheapness. The nearest approach to this standard, at present, is the tin-lined pipe. The objections to the tin-lined pipes are: 1. Where joints are made, the tin and lead come in contact with the water, and then, owing to galvanic action, the corrosion of the lead is more rapid than if tin was not present; 2. The tin lining is liable to cracks and flaws, which allow the water to come in contact with the lead, with the same result as at the joints; 3. There are some waters that rapidly corrode the tin itself, when it is not in contact with lead or other metal. If, as this correspondent states, lead is mixed with the block tin to make it more ductile, this is still another and more serious objection. Gutta serena will not withstand the action of air and moisture, and is consequently useless. Iron rusts, and, if galvanized, the water dissolves the zinc coating. The answer to the last question depends upon circumstances. If the well water is pure and *soft*, then it is preferable. If it is hard, choose the rain water, and filter it. If we adopt the rule *not to use water which has stood or been long in contact with metal*, we shall escape with slight injury.

Treatment of Frozen Flesh.—Keep the surface of the frozen part at or near the freezing point—32° Fahrenheit—until it is thawed out by the heat from within the body. Remember this, frozen flesh should be thawed from *within*, not from without. The reason is this: If the melting commences by the action of the warm arterial blood, at the deepest part, the frozen blood, as soon as melted, is carried away by the veins without rupturing the delicate network of capillary vessels which form the connecting link between the arteries and veins. If, instead, the thawing commences upon the surface, the blood, as it becomes liquefied, will remain upon the outside of the frozen part, as the vessels which should convey it away are still frozen up. This blood soon changes its color, expands with the heat, and causes intense pain, and is liable to burst the little capillary vessels which contain it. The best way to keep the surface of the frozen part at the desired temperature, is to keep it in water in which there is a considerable quantity of ice or snow until it becomes entirely thawed out from within. Frozen flesh should, on no account, be rubbed. The frozen part is filled with minute vessels, running in every direction, each one of which contains

an icicle. Now if the part is rubbed, the effect is to break these minute icicles into thousands of pieces, and each piece has its sharp corners, which are forced through the walls of the vessels, tearing them to pieces, and lacerating the flesh, so as always to cause great soreness, and oftentimes disorganization and death of the part. While rubbing the frozen part itself should be carefully guarded against, it is useful to rub the adjoining parts, as it greatly promotes the circulation of the blood, and hastens the thawing in the natural way.

Laws of Health.—"In your excellent HERALD OF HEALTH you mention many times the importance of knowing and obeying the laws of health. (I find it is difficult to do a thing until you first learn how it ought to be done.) I, with numerous others, would be only too glad to obey and practice the laws of health, if you would only state what those laws are."

To teach the laws of health and the penalties attending their violation, so far as known, is one of the primary objects of THE HERALD OF HEALTH. If searchers after knowledge in this direction will *carefully read and study its teachings* from month to month, they will not complain of the want of light upon this subject.

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Herald of Health for 1869.—"Please inform me if I can get the numbers of THE HERALD for this past year, 1869, at a reduced price?"

We have but a few full sets left, and those we have had bound in cloth. We will send a copy, prepaid, by mail, for \$3.

Catarrh.—In answer to several queries, I would say that an article on the treatment of Catarrh may be found in the May number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH for 1869, page 235.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND PHYSICAL CULTURE; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUE LIVING. By Prof. F. G. WELCH, Instructor in Yale College. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

This new work is worthy of special consideration, and we are glad to give it an extended notice. Though its need has long been felt, it is the first of its kind published in this country. It is thorough, comprehensive and practical in every page. The author has had a single object in view—to do good; his book has only to be read to accomplish this successfully. It is written in such a pure, true, and brave spirit that none can read without interest and profit, nor turn from its pages disappointed. All should read it: the well, that they may know the value of that priceless boon—*health*, and how to retain it; the sick: that they may learn the cause of their trouble and cure it.

The title explains the character of the work and its mission. We have here four volumes in one. Part I gives full and explicit directions how to build and equip a gymnasium, after the most approved style. To the many colleges, schools, societies, clubs, and individuals who are just now giving Physical Culture its proper and deserved place, this department will prove invaluable, and enable them to greatly improve their gymnasium and apparatus, and save, perhaps, thousands of dollars.

But it does not stop here. It is not probable that any one in our country has had a more extended experience or done more for the physical weal of mankind, in this way, than our author. He has labored assiduously for years, and has succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task of investing and developing a most admirable system of about five hundred exercises, thereby rendering what was before difficult and dangerous, now easy and physiological. The uses of each set of apparatus is explained. This department also contains Forty Weeks Exercises, systematically arranged for the college or school year. The "Home Gymnasium," or twenty-five exercises to be performed at home without the aid of any apparatus. An "Essay on Training" with the Old and New Method; "Rules for Correct Training," etc. And a system of seventy-five beautiful exercises with the Indian Club.

Part II embraces Dr. Dio Lewis's complete system of Light or Musical Gymnastics, with many additions and improvements. Here, too, the author is fully at home. He was among the first to imbibe the enthusiasm of Dr. Lewis, and has been, ever since, his warm friend and supporter. He has been an enthusiastic teacher in this to thousands of both sexes, and has a normal class for teachers every summer. The author has invented a system of "Short Hand," to facilitate the learning of all these exercises in a very short time. The whole system is here compressed in a nutshell.

This department contains also an Essay upon the various systems of Gymnastics. An Address to Teachers, and many valuable hints and suggestions to teachers and pupils. No one is better qualified to speak of these things than the author, and the following autograph letter of Dr. Lewis calling attention to this book will speak for itself.

"Gentlemen: This book, full of Prof. Welch's singular purity and earnestness, is not only an admirable guide in Physical Culture, but most fruitful of suggestion in the mental and moral spheres.

Prof. Welch is playing an important part in America's

attempt to give place and dignity to physical education. He deserves well of his countrymen, and has already secured recognition as an active force in the great revolution now in progress.

I watch his labors with the liveliest interest, and shall continue to rejoice that we have in the van a leader so wise, just, and enthusiastic.

Yours, truly,

DIO LEWIS."

The best recommendation of Part III is to give the headings of the subjects treated:

I. Health. II. The Body. III. Physical Culture. IV. Bathing. V. Air and Ventilation. VI. Food—Eating and Drinking. VII. Sleep. VIII. Fashion. IX. Beauty. X. Amusements and Excesses. XI. Man. XII. Woman. XIII. Husband and Wife. XIV. Parents and Children. XV. Religion. XVI. Education. XVII. Manners. XVIII. Character. XIX. The Physician and Medicine. XX. Voice Culture. XXI. Hints and Rules.

The subjects certainly are worthy, and they are treated in a plain, simple, and new manner that will prove generally acceptable to all. Upon almost every page will be found sentences of vital importance, and put in such a manner as to cleave so powerfully to the memory as to act upon the daily life of every reader. Each chapter is subdivided into many parts, the whole comprising 200 pages. To the general reader, this must prove the most interesting, the most important part. Almost every thing pertaining to the "House we Live in," is here treated in a modest and simple manner.

Who does not desire good health? When we lose it, how much we are willing to give to regain it. These pages instruct the reader to live as not only to avoid disease, but how to enjoy our God-given faculties capable of producing more happiness than most of us know any thing about. We especially commend this part of the work.

Part IV would also speak for itself, should we give some of its contents. The author does not claim much originality here, but has shown good judgment and a wise discrimination in making a selection that is decidedly readable, and in adapting most of the selections to the title and character of the book. We select a few headings: Genius and Learning, Facts in Human Life, Manners and Generosity, a Text for a Life-time, a Modern Dictionary, Physiognomy among the Greeks, New Articles of Faith, Elements of Success, a Beautiful Sentiment, Difficulties and Troubles, Selfishness and Conceit, Ambition, Riches and Money, Business, Idleness, Fortune, Enemies, Errors, Follies, Faults, Evils, Vice, Affectation, Variety, Learning, Intellectual Improvement, Observation, Conversation, Reading, Memory, Reflection, Thought, Resolution, Self-effort, Work, Opportunity, Love, Marriage, Source of True Happiness, Kindness, Good Nature, Benevolence, Contentment, Pleasure, Greatness, True Philosophy, Wisdom, The Bible, Religion, Sermons and Preaching, Truth, Sin, Repentance, Heaven and Hereafter, Purity, Christianity, Virtue, Conscience, Duty, Prayer, Faith, Hope, Charity, Horror, Sympathy, The Gentle Word, Time, Life, Death, Immortality, What makes a Man, Music, How to Live, Proverbs, At Last.

We have here a handsomely bound, beautifully printed 12mo volume, 441 pp., which may be ordered through us. It will be sent by mail, on receipt of its price (\$2), and twenty-four cents to pay for postage.

THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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MRS. HORACE MANN,
MRS. L. A. JENKINS, M. D.,
DR. DIO LEWIS,
DR. A. G. HUMPHREY,
DR. A. L. WOOD, and
THE EDITOR.

This Number.—We are sure this number will be a delight to our subscribers, old and new.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's Story, which was promised this year, begins in this number. A few persons have written us that they hoped we would not print a story in *THE HERALD*, but we think they will change their minds before the end of the year, if they do not by the time they have read the January number. Our readers will see that it is in an entirely different vein from any thing before published. There is no reason why a health journal should not also enliven its pages with really entertaining and instructive stories, than a religious or political paper should. It will be our aim to secure only those of high merit and excellence.

We also commence in this number a series of papers entitled "Studies in Physiology." They will be from the writings of the great masters in this field, and alone will be worth more than the entire subscription price for the year. The article in this number is by Prof. Huxley.

We also call especial attention to a paper entitled, "The Dangers of Blistering." We believe it will prove of great interest and value to our readers.

Mrs. H. C. Birdsall, a new contributor, gives us this month some valuable hints on "The Treatment of Children."

Mrs. Horace Mann has an excellent article on "Industrial Education;" Henry Ward Beecher one on "Generosity and Benevolence," and Mrs. Dr. Gleason one on "Baths for Babies." This paper will remind our readers that we have in press a work by Mrs. Gleason, entitled "Parlor Talks to Ladies," which will be ready in March, at which time we shall want lady agents in all the large cities to canvas for it.

We also call especial attention to Professor MacLaren's paper on "The Law of Physical Growth," a paper full of sound truths.

The editorial "Topics of the Month," "Answers to Correspondents," and "How to Treat the Sick," will, we trust, make up a number which will satisfy all who read it. Reader, if you like this number, try and send us a few subscribers for this year.

Henry Ward Beecher's Paper.

See advertisement of *The Christian Union* on second page of cover. We will send this paper and *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* for one year for \$3 50, to one address. The money and the name must both come at the same time.

Notice to Our Correspondents.

The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

1. ALWAYS attach name, Post Office, County, and State to your letter.
2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 cents extra, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to *THE HERALD OF HEALTH*.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution. See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

The Picture of Humboldt.—We are now sending out the picture promised to our single subscribers for 1870, who send directly to the publishers \$2. Lest there be a misunderstanding on the part of some, we state distinctly that those who take *THE HERALD* at club rates will not be entitled to it. The way to secure the picture is to send your money direct to the publishers.

What a Lecturer Thinks of The HERALD. Susan Everest, M. D., an able and popular lecturer on Health in Ohio, thus speaks of *THE HERALD OF HEALTH*: "THE HERALD OF HEALTH is a delight to all my subscribers, and I congratulate you upon your success in making a journal, devoted to the supposed dry topics of Health and Morals, as interesting as a romance."

Schoolday Visitor.—This bright and cheerful monthly for the young begins its fourteenth volume with the January number. The price is \$1 25. See their advertisement on another page. We will send this monthly with *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* for \$3.

Home Treatment.—Invalids wishing prescriptions for home treatment can have them for Five Dollars. They should send full particulars of their cases. Any person sending five new subscribers to *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* and Ten Dollars, will, if he does not choose other premiums, be entitled to a prescription for treatment free.

A New Premium for All!

We have had engraved a very fine **Steel Engraving** of **ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT** after an Original Oil Painting owned by A. T. Stewart, Esq., which we shall present free to every subscriber to **THE HERALD OF HEALTH** for 1870, who sends \$2 00. It is of large size for framing, and has been pronounced by competent judges an excellent likeness. It will be sent postpaid by mail.

How to Send Money.—In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Postoffice Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but in a Registered letter*. The present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Caution.—Our friends in writing to us will please be very particular and give Postoffice, County and State with every letter, and not depend on us to remember where they live, though they may have told us a hundred times. Those who think we can turn to our books and find their names and address without trouble, are quite mistaken.

A Good Sewing Machine is given free for a club of 35 subscribers and \$70. This premium is very popular. If there is a poor, deserving family in your neighborhood help it to get a good sewing machine by subscribing at once. Perhaps your minister's wife wants one. If so, help her to get it, by helping her to get up a club. The Empire is one of the best sewing machines in use, and we are sure that it will give you good satisfaction.

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Wanted.—Will our readers please send us brief items of news and experience referring to Health and Physical Culture topics. Make them pointed and practical, and we will publish them for the benefit of others. Do not mix them up with business or personal matters, but on separate sheets of paper and in readiness for the printer.

Clubs of Twenty-five.—Any person who will send us at one time twenty-five new subscribers to this monthly, shall have them for Twenty-five Dollars. Remember they must be new subscribers, and all be sent at one time.

Our Premiums.—We shall be careful to send out as Premiums nothing which is not all that we claim for it in value. No cheap, second-hand, or indifferent articles will be used.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, \$12; one column, \$22; one page, \$40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LARGE AND SPLENDID PRIZE

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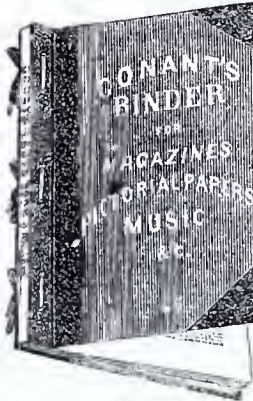
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